The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.*]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.*]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone, John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist, John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck, J. N. Dinges.

Ben Buttler's presidential address is so lengthy that the election would need to be postponed six months if it had to be read through before voting.

The Republicans of Huntingdon county are not satisfied with their county ticket, and a call has been issued for another convention to place a second ticket in the field.

France has ordered the bombardment of the Chinese arsenal at Foo Choo, and the destruction of immense stores there.

Butler is running for President but has not yet supplied himself with a Vice. Why not take Jeff. Davis, the fellow Ben voted 57 times for in the Charleston convention for President?

The Republicans have nominated Mr. Campbell for re-election as county commissioner. He has acted along with Messrs. Greist and Wolf in introducing economy in our county affairs, and his party has given him deserved recognition for it.

Gen. Butler has written a letter accepting the Labor nomination for President. In his letter he thinks neither the Democratic or the Republican party can be trusted. We guess if Butler should be elected spoqn-vittles will be all the go at the white-house. What would he have been, if he had not been Ben?

Charles Smith's nomination for treasurer was a popular act of the county convention. Every body seems friendly to Charley, he is competent, has been one of our most active Democrats and lost an arm in the service of his country. We predict for Charles Smith one of the largest majorities, and he should have it too.

The two Democratic nominees for county auditors, Solomon Peck and J. N. Dinges, are two highly competent gentlemen for this important office. We have known them these many years and we know they will closely scrutinize the accounts of our county officers and see that no money is wrongfully spent. Both are experienced business men.

We print Gov. Cleveland's letter of acceptance in another column. It should be perused by every voter. It is brief but contains more sound sense than Blaine's letter, which is ten times more lengthy. Mr. Cleveland proves himself an ardent friend of the laboring classes and what he says in behalf of labor is only in accordance with his official action as Mayor and Governor.

The nomination of Chester Munson, for associate judge, is a very fitting one. Mr. Munson is one of the best citizens of our county and has large business interests at Philipsburg. His qualifications are above the material ordinarily found in the seat of an associate judge, and his nomination is a credit to the Democratic party and will add strength to our county ticket.

It is all right to talk about Blaine's foreign policy; that only tends to divert attention from his infamous policy at home. What do the laborers here care what his feelings are toward England? We have abundant evidence of how he feels toward us here. He is one of the heaviest stockholders in the coal and ore mines at Elk Garden, West Virginia, and within the past two years this company have imported the majority of their laborers and their mines to day are filled with foreigners, principally Italians. This is the policy in which we are interested, and if Mr. Blaine expects to get the labor vote of this country he must do better than employ foreign talent in the works in which he is interested.

$100,000,000 PER ANNUM.

The process of wringing from the industry of the country one hundred millions of unnecessary taxes per annum continues.

Already four hundred millions of dollars in excess of the wants of the government have been taken as toll from the hard earnings of labor.

When congress shall meet again this immense sum will be a standing temptation to that body to make reckless and lavish appropriations.

It has cost not less than twenty millions of dollars to collect this unnecessary revenue, a great part of which might have been saved by the abolition of useless offices.

Mr. Blaine would go on with the collection of this vast sum in order that it may be redistributed among the states and he would continue to wast the cost of its collection on supernumery office holders.

Are the people, the tax-payers, the tax earners, willing that this magnificent folly, this outrageous oppression, shall become the permanent policy of the country?

A correspondent to the Philadelphia *Press* says: Ore containing silver, copper and other metals in paying quantities has been discovered in the Blue hill, opposite Northumberland, Union county. The mountain is between three and four hundred feet high, running east and west. Five drifts have been driven in the sides of it and a vein of ore struck in each. One shaft has been sunk from the top to a depth of forty feet. The first drift is at the foot of the mountain. Silver and copper ore was found at the surface. It is driven 100 feet and shows the vein of ore sloping or leading to the bed of the Susquehanna river. This ore, under analysis, contains $19.60 in silver to the ton and 70 per cent. copper. Eighty feet west of this vein is another containing the same ore and about the same proportion. The second and third drifts are midway up the mountain side. One is driven 70 feet; the other 40, showing a vein of ore from the start, each containing manganese iron and silver, the amount of silver being $76 to the ton. The fourth drift is one-half mile west of the first one and at the head of the basin. It is driven in 100 feet, showing a 22-inch vein of ore. The fifth drift is in the end of the mountain, where a country road cuts through it, and shows a vien of eighteen inches, carrying 45 per cent. of metal. These drifts show there are millions of tons of ore in the mountain.

The temperance candidate for President, Gov. St. John, in a recent speech at Port Jervis, N. Y., alludes to the fact that he was once indicted under John A. Logan's celebrated black laws for giving a mulatto boy some bread. This happened in Port Jervis during fall of 1862. This is the old home of Gov. St. John. At the beginning of the rebellion St. John, who was a young member of the Coles county bar, entered the service under one of the first calls for volunteers. The term of enlistment was short, and being mustered out previously he was at home on October 1, 1862, at which time the mulatto boy tramp called at his door and begged for something to eat, saying he was nearly starved and that no one would either give him food or work because it was against the law.

Capt. St. John gave the boy a breakfast and for so doing was promptly indicted under laws which John A. Logan had previously introduced and engineered through the Legislature. It does not appear that the indictment was vigorously pushed, as St. John was of a good family and a member of the bar. It contains three counts, the gist of the action lying in the last, which charges the defendant with having given sustenance to a starving mulatto boy. The indictment clearly shows how persons connected with the "underground railroad" were brought before the bar of justice even after the author of the law had entered the Republican fold and when that party was in sole possession of both National and State governments and had been for two years.

Elsewhere we give many reasons as signed by New York workingmen for their support of Mr. Cleveland. When Mr. Cleveland accepted the nomination for the Governorship of New York he indorsed the labor planks of the platform and said:

The laboring classes constitute the main part of our population. They should be protected in their efforts to assert their rights when endangered by aggregated capitol, and all statutes on this subject should recognize the care of the State for honest toil, and be framed with a view of improving the condition of the workingman.

In his administration as Governor, Cleveland has been faithful to the declarations of his party's platform and the pledge of his letter of acceptance.

SIXTY CENTS A DAY.

Allentown *Chronicle* says: Under tariffs of the last twenty-three years, all made by the Republicans, things have at last come to be so that the miners in our ore mines are compelled to work for sixty cents a day! Is this protection? Of all the many furnaces in Allentown but one is now going! Is this protection?

War seems inevitable between France and China. Notwithstanding the respites granted to China by France and the moderation of the French officials having the negotiations in charge, China has finally refused all satisfaction for the Lang-Son treachery and recalled its plenipotentiaries to Shanghai. France is therefore compelled to present China with a last summons. M. Patenotre, the French Minister to China, has been instructed to acquaint Tsung-Li-Yamen of the vote of Parliament and also with the fact that the indemnity has been definitely fixed at 80,000,000 francs, payable in ten years. Unless the demand should be complied with within forty-eight hours Admiral Courbet would take the necessary steps forthwith to secure the reparation due France. The term of grace expiring the French Charge d'Affaires was orderd to quit Pekin immediately and join M. Petenotre at Shanghai. Li-Fong-Pao during the day asked for an audience with M. Ferry, and announced to him that he had been ordered to return to his post at Berlin. The Chinese Minister bade M. Ferry farewell and received his passport.

M. S. Quay was defeated for congress in the Republican conference of the Beaver, Washington and Lawrence district. Queer that one of the boss thimble riggers should come out at the little end.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

THE ABLE UTTERANCES OF A DEMOCRATIC STATESMAN.

He Accepts the Nomination with Characteristic Modesty—A Document Rich in Thought and Rare in Composition.

Albany, N. Y., August 19.—The following was received to-day by Colonel Lamont, secretary to Governor Cleveland, who is at Upper Saranac Lake, with instructions to make it public on its receipt:

ALBANY, N. Y., August 18, 1884—*Gentlemen*: I have received your communication dated July 18, 1884, informing me of my nomination to the office of president of the United States by the national democratic convention lately assembled at Chicago. I accept the nomination with a grateful appreciation of the supreme honor conferred and a solemn sense of responsibility which in its acceptance I assume.

I have carefully considered the platform adopted by the convention and cordially approve the same. So plain a statement of democratic faith and principles upon which that party appeals to the suffrages of the people needs no supplement or explanation. It should be remembered that the office of president is essentially executive in its nature. The laws enacted by the legislative branch of the government the chief executive is bound faithfully to enforce, and when the wisdom of the political party which selects one of its members as a nominee for that office has outlined its policy and declared its principles, it seems to me that nothing in the character of the office or the necessities of the case requires more from the candidate accepting such nomination than the suggestion of certain well-known truths so absolutely vital to the safety and welfare of the nation that they cannot be too often recalled or too seriously enforced.

We proudly call ours a government by the people. It is not such when a class is tolerated which arrogates to itself the management of public affairs, seeking to control the people instead of representing them. Parties are the necessary outgrowth of our institutions, but a government is not by the people when one party fastens its control upon the country and perpetuates power by cajoling and betraying the people instead of serving them. A government is not by the people when a result which would represent the intelligent will of free thinking men is or can be determined by the shameless corruption of their suffrages, but when an election to office shall be the selection by the voters of one of their number to assume for a time a public trust instead of his dedication to the profession of politics, when the holders of the ballot, quickened by a sense of duty, shall avenge truth betrayed and pledges broken, and when the suffrage shall be altogether free and uncorrupt, the full realization of a goverument by the people will be at hand; and of the means to this end not one would, in my judgement, be more effective than an amendment to the constitution disqualifying the president from re-election. When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurements of power, the temptation to retain public places once gained, and, more than all, the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of office-holders, with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, stand ready to aid with money and trained political service, we recognize in the eligibility of the president for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people.

A true American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor and the fact that honor lies in honest toil. Contented labor is an element of national prosperity. Ability to work constitutes the capital and the wages of labor the income of a vast number of our population and this interest should be jealously protected. Our workingmen are not asking unreasonable indulgence but as intelligent and manly citizens they seek the same consideration which those demand who have other interests at stake. They should receive their full share of the care and attention of those who make and execute the laws, to the end, that the wants and needs of the employers and the employed shall alike be subserved and the common heritage of both be advanced. As related to this subject while we should not discourage the immigration of those who come to acknowledge allegiance to our government and add to our citizen population, yet as a means of protection to our workingmen a different rule should prevail concerning those, if they come or are brought to our land, who do not intend to become American citizens but will injuriously compete with those justly entitled to our field of labor. In a letter accepting the nomination to the office of governor nearly two years ago I made the following statement, to which I have steadily adhered:

The laboring classes constitute the main part of our population. They should be protected in their efforts peacebly to assert their rights when endangered by aggregated capital and all statutes on this subject should recognize the care of the state for honest toil and be framed with a view of improving the condition of the workingman.

A proper regard for the welfare of the workingman being inseparably connected with the integrity of our institutions none of our citizens are more interested than they in guarding against corrupt influences which seek to pervert the beneficent purposes of our government and none should be more watchful of the artful mechinations of those who allure them to self inflicting injury.

In a free country the curtailment of the absolute rights of the individual should only be such as is essential to the peace and good order of the community. The limit between the proper subjects of governmental control and those which can be more fittingly left to the moral sense and self-imposed restraint of the citizen should be carefully kept in view. Thus laws unnecessarily interfering with the habits and customs of any of our people which are not offensive to the moral sentiments of the civilized world and which are consistent with good citizenship and the public welfare, are unwise and vexatious.

The commerce of a nation to a great extent determines its supremacy. Cheap and easy transportation should therefore be liberally fostered within the limits of the constitution. The general government should so improve and protect its natural water ways as will enable the producers of the country to reach a profitable market. The people pay the wages of the public employes and they are entitled to the fair and honest work which the money thus paid them should command. It is the duty of those intrusted with the management of public affairs to see that such public service is forthcoming.

The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work and they should be neither expected or allowed to do questionable party service. The estimate of public labor and duty will be immediately improved. Public employment will be open to all who can demonstrate their fitness to enter it. The unseemly scramble for place under the government with the consequent importunity which embitters official life will cease and the public departments will not be filled with those who conceive it to be their first duty to aid the party to which they owe their places instead of rendering patient and honest return to the people.

I believe that the public temper is such that the voters of the land are prepared to support the party which gives the best promise of administering the government in the honest, simple and plain manner which is consistent with its character and purposes. They have learned that mystery and concealment in the management of their affairs cover trickery and betrayal. The statesmanship they require consists in honesty and frugality, a prompt response to the needs of the people as they arise and the vigilant protection of all the varied interests. If I should be called to the chief magistracy of the nation by the suffrages of my fellow citizens I will assume the duties of that high office with a solemn determination to dedicate every effort to the country's good and with an humble reliance upon the favor and support of the Supreme being, who, I believe, will always bless honest human endeavor in the conscientious discharge of public duty.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

To Col. William F. Vilas, Chairman, D. P. Bestor and others, members of the Notification Committee of the Democratic National Convention.

The New York *Evening Post*, anti-Blaine Republican, says it will be a painful shock to the Blaine managers to learn that, while they have been devoting their energies to shouting and to arranging "dickers" with Butler and Kelly, the New York Democratic Committee have been making a careful personal canvass of the 2,000 election districts in the State and have found in the 1,750 of them which they have polled probably 75,000 Republicans who will not vote for Blaine, 50 per cent. of whom are working for Cleveland. They have also found that the reports of Democratic dissatisfaction have been greatly exaggerated, and that the number of Democrats opposed to Cleveland is steadily diminishing. The districts canvassed are all outside the large cities, and the estimate of 75,000 "kickers" does not, therefore, include those in New York and Brooklyn, who are admitted to be very numerous. Every man who talks with his fellow-men knows that where one Republican openly avows his intention of voting against Blaine there are two who say nothing about it, but will vote in the same way.

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

[Chicago Herald.]

In Missouri hugging societies have been introduced to swell the church treasuries, and a paper gives the following scale of prices: Girls under sixteen, 25 cents for each hug of two minutes; from sixteen to twenty years of age, 50 cents; from twenty to twenty-five, 75 cents; school ma'arms, 40 cents; widows, according to looks, from 10 cents to $2; old maids, 3 cents a piece, or two for a nickle, and not any limited time. Ministers are not charged. Editors pay in advertisements, but not allowed to participate until everybody else is through.

Shamokin, Pa., August 20—The Buck Ridge mine owned by the Philadelphia and Reading coal and iron company, is on fire and it will be necessary to flood it through the Greenback colliery. The loss will be heavy to both collieries. The fire is supposed to have caught from the machinery.

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

"Stephen C. Foster, the author of 'Old Dog Tray' and 'Old Folks at Home,' was a genuine American, a farmer's boy, who had but limited opportunity for musical instruction; still of his 'Old Folks' fully 1,000,000 copies have been sold, and of his 'Old Dog Tray' 600,000. Besides these his 'Uncle Ned' and 'Susanna' are favorites. The reason of the popularity of Foster's songs lies in their easy flowing melody, the adherence to plain chords in the accompaniments, and the avoidance of intricacy in the harmony or embarrassing accidentals in the melody. I was present when they buried this sweet singer in Pittsburgh in 1846, to the strains of his own song, 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' It is the simplicity and sweetness of tune that makes the popular singer, and the same conditions hold good to-day. Henry C. Work, a newspaper man, lately deceased, is the author of 'Come Home, Father,' and 'Grandfather's Clock;' of each over 200,000 copies have been sold. The famous 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' with as large a sale as the two former together, is by H. P. Danks, an organist. Will S. Hays, another newspaper man, wrote the songs 'Evangeline,' 'Nora O'Neill,' and 'Shamus O'Brien' each having a sale of over 100,000 copies. 'Shoe Fly, Don't Bodder Me,' 'Put Me In My Little Bed,' and 'Come, Birdie, Come,' are composed by C. A. White, and have been published by the author. Of each of them fully 150,000 copies have been sold. 'Don't Be Sorrowful, Darling,' and 'Lorena,' are by J. P. Webster, a simple country music teacher, and 'Gathering Shells by the Sea Shore' is by W. S. Thompson, each song having a sale of over 300,000. 'Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall' and 'Pretty as a Picture' are by T. B. Bishop, a musical broker, who has the satisfaction of knowing that over 100,000 copies of his songs have already been sold, and an equal number will be sold before they die out.

Of John Howard Payne's wonderful air over two million copies must have been sold, and the publishers will grow rich from the work of the stranger who died far away from the home he so passionately loved. To this same class of popular songs belongs Thomas Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer,' of which 1,500,000 copies sold in this country, and it has, therefore, a place among American songs. Of 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' by F. N. Crouch, 500,000 copies have been sold, and it is still in much demand. Crouch is an Englishman, who has been in this country since 1848. 'Sweet By and By' is by J. P. Webster, and its sale will soon reach 500,000 copies. Then come Joe Emmet's 'Sweet Violets.' W. J. Scanlan's 'Peek-a-Boo,' Frank Howard's 'When the Robins Nest Again,' and Ben Williams's 'A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother.' I could give no figures as to the sale of these songs, but they will all reach the half-million stage."

GOLD LEAF.

Leaves of gold may be beaten into such extremely thin leaves that they will transmit light. Seen by reflected light such films of gold retain the characteristic golden color of the metal; but by transmitted light they have a decided bluish green. The thickness of these films must naturally be extremely small. What the limit must be before the film becomes capable of transmitting sufficient light to be appreciable to the eyes cannot be absolutely fixed, as this will depend largely upon the sensitiveness of that organ, which quality varies with different individuals. We may state, however, that modern experiments have shown that a single grain of gold can be beaten out so as to cover a space of seventy-five square inches, which would give the film a thickness (thinness would sound more appropriate) of the one-367,650th part of an inch. This fact affords a striking illustration of the wonderful malleability of gold, a property in which it surpasses all other metals. Microscopic slides containing a small square of gold beaten out so thin as to be transulcent, are favorite objects for microscopists, and may be purchased of dealers in such articles. The ductility of gold—that is, its quality of permitting itself to be drawn out into wire, is quite as remarkable as its malleability. It is affirmed, for example, that when a cylindrical bar of silver is coated with gold (by galvanic means, presumably) and drawn into the fine wire used in embroidering housings, etc., which still exhibit the golden coloration imparted to them, a single grain of gold will cover a length of 345. 6 feet of wire. We have no doubt that films of gold might, with modern scientific artifices, be prepared of the thinness of the one-millionth of an inch, since a continuous coating of gold having such extreme thinness may be readily obtained by galvanic means, the only difficulty in the way being the extremely delicate operation of removing the film from the surface on which it is deposited and transferring it to glass, where it may be examined.

ALMOST OUT OF THE WORLD.

Away off the coast of Maine, outside the cordon of rocky isles that stretch like a protecting chain between the Atlantic and Penobscot Bay, exposed to the ceaseless beat of the waves and to the fury of every storm, is the oddest, lonesomest, and most primitive spot on the American coast, the Isle au Haut. This name was given to it by one of the early French voyagers, who thought Lofty Island or Isle of Weight a most appropriate appellation for the sea-girt rock, whose perpendicular sides rise immediately from the water, with scarcely a break in their monotony for a bit of beach. The island proper, with eight or ten smaller companions, now composes a town, having been set off from Deer Isle in 1874. All the islands together have an area of 3,000 acres, and about 200 people live on them. They all live by the sea, directly or indirectly, and their life is but a dull existance. Anthony Merchant first settled in one of the group, which now bears his name, in 1772, and since then the hamlet of fishers has grown by twos and threes, painfully slowly. There is no Post Office, no minister, no lawyer, and no doctor. If anybody is sick, or wants any red tape, or an expected letter, he must take a sailboat and go to Deer Island or to Rockland, the journey being nearly always rough and often impossible.

On the summit of the cliffs is a great level plot, half sheep pasture and half blueberry bog, and there is grown the best mutton and wool in Maine, and there, too, is the blueberry pickers' paradise, whole schooner loads of people often going in summer from the main land to gather the berries. There was an attempt made years ago by a Georgia gentleman to make Isle au Haut a great summer resort, and he put all his own money and that of some other persons into the scheme. A splendid pavilion for concerts and dancing was built, and and roads along the cliffs constructed at great expense. Then, just as the plans were ready for a great hotel, the finance department of that association collapsed, and with it the whole scheme. That was years ago, before the expressive term "crank" was on the boards. The natives used the roads for sheep paths, and dried nets on the hard-pine floor of the pavilion.

The fishers are as simple as the old Arcadians, of whom it is written: "Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows." Not many of them ever seen the mainland, and scarcely any of them know what a city is like. Only a month ago the first horse ever landed on the island was brought there, and a good half of the simple folk gazed then for the first time upon a member of the equine species. No steamer ever lands there, and in all probability the only glimpses of good-sized steam craft the islanders ever get is when, on clear days, they see through a glass passing vessels of the International and Boston and Bangor lines.

MODERN GUARD DUTY.

As ordinarily performed, this involves one night out of four at most posts, frequently one out of three, and seldom more than one out of five. Guard duty means that during the 24 hours of its continuance the sentinel shall make a march under arms of some 16 miles for one-third of the time, and be "present for duty equipped" at a moment's notice always. If this happened once a week it would be often enough. Coming, as it does, twice or thrice, it imposes more labor and exposure than all other military duty, and year after year of it tells. There are two ways of meeting this trouble; one, by relaxing the regiments of guard duty to some extent, and one by enlarging the number of men upon whom it is imposed. Its proper performance, so far as security of buildings and stores is concerned, or even the restriction of travel to certain directions, does not require full uniform or even 14-pound musket. "To take charge of all public property in view, when nothing can be seen by the naked eye but a 20-ton gun and a chain pump, hardly demands that a man should pace majestically back and forth from one to the the other forever. He would be just as useful if he carried a switch and a came round at intervals; if, in fact, he dared to consider himself less of a sentinel and more of a watchman. In these days of telephones, when offices, stables, quarters, &c., can all be put into immediate communication with one another, and a man at his desk may in a moment summon into his presence, or receive a report from anybody, whether a police Sergeant or post-surgeon, the time-honored formalities and display of guard duty may well be relieved of much that is out of date and out of use. It can be made much less mechanical and tedious with no loss of value.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping
Safe forever, all they took away;
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given,
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us; and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone; and in their places,
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile, we know
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains,
Save with some strange, cruel stings, that make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret;
We shall find, in some far, bright to-morrow
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love, that to death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So, when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

THE COLONEL'S SECOND WIFE.

"What! her dowry ten thousand and her age under eighteen! You are a lucky dog Hewett! Of course it's a love match?"

"I flatter myself, yes, on the lady's part, at least;" and the speaker, a tall, rather handsome man, drew himself up superciliously; though, in fact, it is a family arrangement."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, Colonel Harding was my father, General Hewett's greatest chum. When dying, he left me and my future to the former's guardianship; a trust he saw no better nor more friendly way of carrying out than by an engagement between myself and his daughter Kate—the sole inheritor of a rich aunt's wealth."

"Some people fall into pleasant places, certainly. When is it to be?"

"In a month. I fancy, since the Colonel has been such a dotard as to take home a second wife, he would rather have his daughter's room than her company."

"Possibly. Deuced pretty woman, Mrs. Harding—eh? Very sparkling, self-willed and fast, I'm sure. Will want a tight curb, but will pull hard. I imagine the Colonel will have his hands full, and need keep his eyes open. They have been married a year, and within the last month I have noted he is preoccupied, while two wrinkles have appeared on his forehead. When will these old fellows," laughed his friend, "take the lessons Pope has so graphically read us—December must wed May? Ta, ta! Remember, I'm booked for the Benedict ceremony."

The two gentlemen between whom the above conversation passed on the step of a West End club now parted—the one addressed as Hewett, known among his less familiars as Captain Hewett, proceeding to go by train to Colonel Harding's villa, at Richmond.

Arriving there, in due course, he was speedily introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Harding; after exchanging greetings with whom he was summoned to see the Colonel in the library. The ladies were surprised at the haste displayed, and could not refrain from remarking on the subject.

"Whatever is that for?" Kate remarked, when the officer had gone.

"To sign your marriage-settlement," smiled Mrs. Harding.

"Nonsense! By the way, mamma, do you not think papa has looked altered lately?"

"For many days I have seen it, Kate, I fear something is wrong."

"Then I fancy he might confide it to you instead of the Captain."

"True! Mrs. Harding's lips perceptibly contracted; then she added: "Kate, I forgot to tell my maid about the trimmings for my dress next Friday. Would you mind doing so?"

Rising the young girl readily went on her mission, when the other's entire manner changed. Her expression became grave, perplexed. She cast aside her work, and leaned her head on her hand.

"Can my husband possibly suspect?" she murmured. "There is a change in him, Kate sees it, too! Then there must be a cause! Can he have found us out? If so, everything is ruined—ruined!" she paused; then added—"I must be certain—I will!"

Hurriedly throwing a shawl of Kate's, that laid on a sofa near, about her, she passed through the open glass doors into the flower garden.

Going to the side of the villa, cautiously she crept through a shrubbery of lilacs and syringas, until she came within sight and hearing of the two in the library, the window of which was open.

Charles Hewett was leaning back in a chair; the Colonel, a handsome elderly military-looking man, sat by the table, his brows contracted, his features expressive of pain and anger blended. He had evidently been speaking vehemently, and exclaimed, as the listener came within range:

"I wouldn't have believed of her! Of all women, I would have staked my life on Constance! When you hinted that you had seen a fellow suspiciously lounging about the villa, I thought nothing about it; but Jackson, the under-gardener, declares that it is true."

The listener became livid with rage. Her suspicions were well founded.

"What do you intend doing?" asked Captain Hewett.

"That's my perplexity to accuse her on the word of an under-gardner seems preposterous;" and the Colonel uneasily drummed the table with his fingers.

"Something must be done," he said, "or I shall go mad. I can't support this terrible suspicion, for—I don't mind confessing it to you, George, who so soon will be my son—I love Constance devotedly. What was that? Why, the window is open. Shut it; we want no eavesdroppers."

Captain Hewett complied, bnt before closing it, leant forth and looked around. The Colonel's wife had flown.

"If my fine lady would only commit herself," he thought, 'Kate would inherit the Colonel's wealth. It is nothing," he said aloud, resuming his seat.

Trembling at her narrow escape, Mrs. Harding hastened from the shrubbery. Just as she emerged, she ran violently against a man.

"Robert! Tell me, what are you doing here?"

"Ten thousand pardons! I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. Why are you here? Quick go to the side door. If in five minutes I call you, come—if not, go away."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"How good you are!" he said "I only came to say I have prepared everything for our flight on Friday."

"Hush!" she answered, as she fled from him.

Five minutes after, the side door opened, a white hand beckoned, and soon the stranger was again seated, with locked doors, in Mrs. Harding's boudoir.

The next morning, by no means to the surprise of his wife, the Colonel announced that business would take him to London in the evening, and detain him until late.

Mrs. Harding expressed her sorrow at his departure, and begged him to hasten back Nevertheless, when she was alone, she lighted the lamp in her boudoir, then retired to a spare bedchamber just above, from the window of which she watched. An hour and a half passed eventless, then a man's shadow flitted among the trees.

"It is the Captain," thought Mrs. Harding. "He has selected his proper sphere. The Colonel was too noble for it. Welll, each shall have a suitable reward."

She waited. So did the Captain. Finally the latter, perhaps imagining while he watched outside the bird he would detect enjoying himself within, cautiously drew near, and peered into the window.

The temptation was irresistable. Mrs. Harding noiselessly opened the lattice, took up a jug of water standing near, and flung out the contents.

There was a muttered curse; but the lattice was closed, and the lady's burst of laughter smothered in her handkerchief.

When, ten minutes after, Captain Hewett looked in at the drawing room window, from a distance, as he, unobserved, quited the grounds, he beheld Mrs. Harding and his future bride reading and working, according to their habit.

"It must have been a confounded housemaid," he growled. "She couldn't have seen me."

He passed on to a break in the boundary hedge, by which he quitted the place and reached the main door.

Had he been a quarter of an hour later, he would surely have encountered a gentleman using the same means to enter it. Quickly, but cautiously, he made his way to a half decayed elm tree, at the root of which grew ferns and burdock. Slipping his hand beneath there, he drew out a paper, on which, by the aid of a wax taper he lighted, he read:

"*Dearest*:—At eight on Friday. The Colonel will be absent. All is prepared."

Pressing the fragment passionately to his lips, the man placed a reply in the same place then withdrew.

It was on the morning of the eventful Friday that Colonel Harding entered Captain Hewett's apartment at Richmond.

"George," he exclaimed, "no man was ever in greater perplexity than I. For the last month I have been engaged to the Dunderbulls to dinner to day. This morning Constance declares—looking well and hearty—herself too ill to attend, but urges me to go."

"I'll tell you what, Colonel. If you refuse you may only arouse her suspicions. You had better, therefore, go, and I'll watch for you. Perhaps this time something may be discovered."

"I was thinking," began the Colonel, doubtfully, "whether it would not be best to ask Constance right down the truth."

"Absurd! If a woman will stoop to deceive a husband, she will not hesitate at a falsehood."

"That is true. Well, George, let it be as you say."

The Colonel went to the dinner, and the gentlemen had long been left to their wine, when a footman whispered to the officer he was waanted. Making an excuse, he withdrew, and found the Captain in the hall.

"Come home," said the latter; "I must speak to you at once."

The Colonel growing pale, followed him into the road.

"What is it?"

"Bear it like a man, Colonel," returned the other. "Your wife is unworthy your affection; she has fled with her lover. I saw them. They are now in the train going to London."

"Oh, Constance—Constance!" he groaned, "Why have you brought this disgrace upon me!"

And he grasped the hedge, to save him from falling. Recovering himself, his mood changed.

"George!" he exclaimed fiercely. "Come we will follow them. The villain shall answer for the wrong he has done me; but tell me all about it."

The Captain stated that a cab had passed him on the road to the villa. In it he had recognized a strange gentleman and Mrs. Harding. He pursued, but only reached the railway station in time to see them leap into a first class carriage as the train moved off.

The true statement was this: Captain Hewett had seen a fly waiting near the villa. Concealing himself, he had perceived a gentleman, escorting a lady thickly vailed and cloaked, come through the break in the hedge, hurriedly cross the intervening field, enter the cab, and drive off, after giving the direction:

"The railway station for London."

Had he put his hand out, he could have stayed them. But that was not his plan. Let her go beyond recall and forgiveness, that was what he thought.

"Hurrying straight to his dressing room, the Colonel secured his pistols.

"I have never used them against a fellow-being before," he exclaimed, very stern, and determined, "but a bullet shall reach his heart or mine. One shall not leave the field."

"Why, goodness gracious, my love, how early you are, back! I hope nothing is wrong!" exclaimed a pleasant voice.

Both gentlemen swung round on their heels, with an ejaculation of surprise, for there, in the doorway, looking charming in her evening dress, was Mrs. Harding.

"You here, Constance?"

"Here! Why, where should I be dear?"

The Colonel looked at the Captain, and *vice versa*.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked the lady; "and—gracious, Edmund, love—what *are* you going to do with those pistols?"

"I—I was going," blurted out the Colonel, half-angrily, "to take with them the life of your lover, Constance!"

"My lover! Surely, darling, you never contemplated suicide!"

"Suicide! Constance, can you look me in the face and say that you have no other one than I?"

"Yes—there sir! But can you look in mine, and say you ever were cruel enough to suspect me of such a sin?"

The Colonel dropped instantly.

"You have!" she went on. "Pray, on what grounds?"

"That of a man having been seen to enter your room, admitted by you, and in—in—your supposed flight this night in a fly with him."

Mrs. Harding burst into a peal of laughter.

"Why, Edmund, that was Kate's lover!" she cried.

"Kate's!" both gentlemen repeated.

"No less. Do not blame the poor girl, for you yourself have driven her to this step—asking Captain Hewett to pardon my speaking out," said the lady with a malicious twinkle. "Because you loved his father, you ordered your daughter to accept the General's son. She—her heart bestowed elsewhere—said 'Nay;' you said 'Ay.' When I became your wife, Kate made her confidante. I, too, said 'Nay;' you repeated 'Ay'—declaring that you could not go from your word; therefore, perceiving, as a gentleman, that was true, I determined to break it for you; and, unwilling that your child, my love, should have a less happy life than the one you made mine, I planned—yes, it was wicked—I planned her elopment with Robert Kenway, the man she loves. However you may regard it, Edmund, I think I have done the girl a good turn in saving her from an alliance with an amateur detective." (So saying, she swept the Captain contemptuous courtesy.) "I see how all this has happened; this gentleman watched here while you went to dine. Charming! He waited and spied to see his own property stolen! Captain Hewett, I compliment you! Now, gentlemen, I will leave you to yourselves."

She quitted the rooms as she spoke, very haughtily, and retired to her own, aparently the most injured party.

A brief space after the Colonel came in. 'Constance," he said, "you have done very wrong."

"Sir, how have you acted, in suspecting a wife who was foolish enough to love you?" she answered, proudly.

"Do you love me, Constance?"

"Better than—than—all—the world!" was the answer, given between a sudden burst of sobs.

A woman's tears were the only enemies which had ever beaten the Colonel. He caught his pretty wife in his arms and cried;

"Constance, forgive me, and let us say no more about it."

"And Kate?" she sobbed.

"I'll pardon her, for your sake."

"You dear, dear Edmund! There! That kiss is for a reward?"

And that is how Captain Hewett was checkmated by the Colonel's second wife."

Tonquin.

Probably owing to the proximity of armed bands, there was not much cultivation going on in the immediate neighborhood of the Elephant mountain, round and round which the Haiphong branch of the Songkoi wanders in a most bewildering way. As we got nearer the main river, however, it was very different. On both sides, as far as the eye could reach over the flat lands, stretched paddy-fields, with hundreds of people—men, women, and children—occupied upon them; the men plowing and turning up the soil with mattocks, the women and children breaking the clods with heavy pieces of wood. Everywhere the green ring of bamboos which denoted a village could be seen, many of them running into one another, and apparently extending for miles. According to national custom, but few of these were actually on the river, and those that were at all near were protected by a ditch and mud walls, surrounded by bamboo palisades, in addition to the ordinary cane fence. There can be no doubt that Tonquin is one of the finest grain-producing countries in the east, far surpassing anything to be seen in the southern provinces of China, with the exception of the Canton river delta, the area of which is, however, much smaller. Two crops can be raised in the year almost everywhere, and in some parts three is no rarity. The sugar-cane and mulberry trees which are so abundant in the Namdinh district are not so much seen between Haiphong and Hanoi. Add to this that the climate is one in which for four or five months in the year Europeans can easily work, and it will be easily understood that the French are warranted in going to great expense and some risk in conquering the country for themselves.

A PLEASANTRY attributed to M. Thiers: "When I was very young I was so little—so little—that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries."

WICKED New York men want to be buried in Greenwood, because it won't burn so quickly as dry.

Chased by the Flames.

In the Autumn of 1855, John Rolfe was one of a party of surveyors engaged in the government survey of North-western Iowa. He was about twenty-five years of age, a man of splendid physique, wonderful endurance, and more than average intelligence. He had graduated at an Eastern college several years previously, and in the practice of his chosen calling he had drifted farther and farther West, until he could justly lay claimto being a thorough frontiersman. During the Summer previous to the opening of our story, Rolfe's party was engaged north and east of the present town of Algona, and he, tiring of the monotony of camp-life, had cultivated the acquaintance of a settler—Manton by name—at whose house he wiled away most of his Sundays. What magnetic influence the eyes of pretty Mary Manton, the farmers's daughter, had in attracting John hither, we will leave for our readers to determine. Suffice it to say, that farmer Manton's rather rude log-house had become a rather home-like place to him, where a warm-hearted welcome was ever extended, and the eyes of Mary the farmer's daughter beamed more brightly at each recurring visit. Toward the close of October it became necessary to send certain important papers connected with the survey to Fort Dodge, where the government land office was then located. The distance was something over fifty miles, and prairie nearly all the way to Des Moines River, some forty miles in that direction, without a track and almost without a guide.

To John Rolfe was intrusted this task; and as Mary Manton and her brother, a lad of some eighteen years, had been for some time desireus of visiting a relation who resided at "the Fort," they concluded to take advantage of the present circumstance, and make with him the journey on horseback. The party was well mounted, John especially, who rode a horse he had owned for several years. They had made about half the distance by noon and were within fifteen miles of th river. Their stopping-place for lunch was a little grove in the lee of a small lake. After an hour's rest, the party remounted and proceeded on their way. They had gone perhaps three miles, when, for the first time, they noticed that the wind had changed and was blowing dirrctly on their backs, and also that the hazy appearance of the atmosphere had changed to a murky aspect, while the stiffening breeze was filled with the odor of smoke; and as if to make assurance doubly sure, bits of burnt grass-blades and flakes of ashes began raining around them. This fact however occasioned but little alarm, as every frontiersman is aware that he can easily secure himself against danger from a prairie fire by burning ahead and passing over the feeble windward fire on to the burnt district. But when the leader, alighting to kindle the flame that was to be their means of safety, found that neither himself or either of his companions had a match, his face blanched to the whiteness of death and he trembled with a mighty fear; for brave though he was, he intuitively perceived that they were in the presence of an awful danger, and that almost superhuman effort or miraculous intervention could avert it. Already retreat to the little lake, which they had left scarcely half an hour ago, was cut off. One alternative was left—to reach the Des Moines River, nearly twelve miles away ahead of the fiery element. The entire distance was over a comparatively level expanse, covered from knee to breast high with a compact mat of dead grass; and as it was in an exceedingly dry time, no rain having fallen for many weeks, the ponds and small streams that ordinarily contained water enough to impose somewhat of a barrier against the flames were parched and baked, and there was absolutely no shelter of any kind short of the river. To reach that haven depended upon the strength and endurance of their horses. Rolfe showed himself a wonderfully cool and collected man. Carefully he watched the route ahead, avoiding rough and boggy ground and selecting the smoothest way, where the grass was the shortest and obstructions the lowest, observing at the same time the actions of his comrades and directing their movements. Mary sat in her saddle, erect, pale, and silent as a statue, giving no outward evidence of the fearful storm that must have been raging within her bosom. Joe, too was silent and restrained; but a nervous twitching of the lips, and a frightened gleam in the eyes, betrayed a fear that only the exercise of a strong will power could repress. The smoke that rolled in a dense cloud over and around them made the air stifling and almost unbearable. Game birds of various kinds whirred over their heads, white deer, elk, and occasionally wolves and other animals, aroused from their lairs by the advancing destruction, raced along, apparently scarce noticing the motley company, so intent were all in reaching some goal of safety.

Hardly more than half the distance was accomplished ere it became evident that the pursuing flames were gaining and that the speed of the horses must be increased. But could they bear it? Already they were covered with foam, and the one on which Mary rode was blowing froth mixed with blood from its nostrils at every expiration, so terrible was the strain upon his strength, together with the injurious effects of the vitiated air they were compelled to inhale. Joe's horse, also, though a good one, began to show signs of weariness, and to require urging; but Caliph, Rolfe's fine horse, was proving his matchless staying qualities, and though covered with sweat, as if lather, gave no signs of tiring, and responded readily to the presence of the rein. And still the fire gained. They could hear it behind them roaring and crackling like a fierce whirlwind. All their luggage, every article of superfluous clothing, everything that would impede their progress was cast away. Rolfe and Joe divested themselves of their apparel down to their shirts, pants, and stockings; then unbuckling the girths they slid forward on their horses' withers, and allowed their saddles to fall behind. This seemed to give them added strength, and mile after mile was traversed without perceptibly increasing or diminishing the distance between them and the fire, until through the smoky fog, and not more than half a mile away, could be discerned a dark fringe that betokened a grove, and which they knew was on the opposite bank of the river. Rolfe was the first to discover the glad intelligence, and he screamed the welcome news to his companions, and urged them to make one supreme effort for life. But even as he spoke Mary's horse stumbled, and Rolfe, who was riding close to her side, had but time to snatch her from her perilous position and swing her in front of him, when the ill-fated animal fell and was swallowed up in the fiery death. But even that momentary delay was almost fatal.

Fiercely and bravely the survivors struggled on, their riders urging them to their utmost, and it seemed for a brief time that all would be well; but when within less than only forty rods of the river-bank, Joe's horse faltered and was caught in the awful flood, and with a scream of terror that rose with blood-curdling distinctness above the roar of the conflagration, the poor boy was lost to all but memory forever in this life. The splendid Caliph though enwrapped in flame, reached the bank with his double burden and plunged over the sheer declivity of fifteen feet into the saving waters of the Des Moines, which fortunately was deep at that place, swam to the other shore, and dropped dead within 50 feet of the water's edge. Rolfe's hair and whiskers were burnt to the skin, and the clothes of both he and his companion had been on fire in a score of places. Mary had fainted in the last fearful ordeal, but soon revived to view with dismay and heart-breaking anguish the result of a short half hour. She and Rolfe had escaped, but barely with their lives, while a much-loved brother had met with a frightful death on the very brink of safety, and she thought with sorrowful forebodings of the grief of their parents when they should learn the sad news. They walked to the house of a settler, a short distance in the grove, where Mary obtained a welcome shelter for the time, and with Rolfe's assistance to bring in the remains of poor Joe; and there, the next morning on the river's bank, he dug two graves, in one of which was deposited all that remained of Joe Manton, in the other the body of the faithful Caliph, where in after years two monuments were reared and a little place inclosed, that loving hands have ever since tended with unremitting care. John Rolfe and Mary Manton were married in the course of time and became the owners of a section of land, including the grove where her brother was buried. And there they reside to-day, rich and contented, blessed with a happy family, and surrounded by all the conveniences and refinements of life. They have lived to see the wide prairie, over which they raced for life so long ago, one vast fruitful field, from whose well-filled granaries many of the hungry of earth are fed; but is it to be wondered at that his genial face will grow serious, and her eye fill with a look of terror, at the mention of that awful experience.

The Beautiful Butterfly.

Butterflies are the order of insects which require the largest mass of color to attract them, and which seems to possess the highest esthetic sensibility. It is hardly necessary to say that butterflies are also the most beautiful of all insects; and are, moreover, noticeable for the most highly developed ornamental adjuncts. Those butterflies make the best matches in their world of fashion which have the brightest crimson on their wings, or the most exquisite gloss on their changeful golden scales. With us an eligible young man is too often a young man with a handsome estate in the country, and with no other attractions, mental or physical. Among insects, which have no estates, an eligible young butterfly is one with a peculiarly deep and rich orange band upon the tip of his wings. Thus the cumulative proof of the esthetic superiority of butterflies seems well nigh complete. If we examine the lepidoptera or butterfly order in detail we shall find some striking conclusions of the same sort forced upon us. The lepidoptera are divided into two great groups, the moths and the butterflies. Now, the moths fly about at dusk or late at night; the flowers which attract them are pale, lacking in brilliancy, and, above all, destitute of honey guides in the shape of lines or spots; and the insects themselves are generally dark and dingy in coloration. Whenever they possess any beauty of color, it takes the form of silvery scales, which reflect what little light there may be in the gray gloaming. The butterflies, on the other hand, fly by day, and display, as we know, the most beautiful colors of all insects. Here we must once recall that difference between the structure of the eye in nocturnal and diurnal species which Mr. Lowne has pointed out. Nor is this all. While most moths are night flyers, there are a few tropical genera, which have taken to the same open daylight existence as the butterflies. In these cases, the moths, unlike their nocturnal congeners, are clad in the most gorgeous possible mixtures of brilliant metallic colors.

Apparitions.

A very remarkable paper on the physiology of apparitions is in preparation by a distinguished neurologist, to be read before the Neurological Association on the opening of the season of 1884—85; attention having been directed to this subject by the work of Mr. Sully, and by elaborate articles in the English Magazines. It is a familiar fact among experts, though little has been published on the subject, that, in certain conditions of the nervous system—not highly morbid or excited conditions, either—a phenomenon resembling reflex action of the retina takes place; the image thus formed being really optical, not cerebral, in their origin, and true objects of sensation not mere cereoral spectres. Certain medcines—notably those of the narcotic class—possess the property of inducing retinal phantoms; monobromate of camphor being one of the most active in this particular. In the paper proposed an effort will be made to explain the physiological causes and relations of these by no means infrequent optical phenomena.

Running, Walking and Jumping.

The greatest distance ever run in one hour is eleven miles, 970 yards, by Deerfoot, at Old Brompton, in 1863—Deerfoot's real name and address being L. Bennet, Catteraugas County, America. The fastest time in which one mile has ever been run, on level ground, is 4 min., 16 1-5 sec., by W. Cummings, of Paisley, in 1881, at Preston; but in 1863 W. Lang ran a mile over a course which was partly down hill in 4 min. 2 sec. The swiftest runner hitherto seen is a man named Hutchens, formerly newsboy at Putney Station. He has not yet been timed accurately for a standard distance like 100 and 120 yards; but in a Sheffield handicap he covered 131¼ yards in 12¼ sec,—a performance which shows him many yards better than "even time" at 100 yards, and even time is the unattained ambition of the great army of amateurs. A hundred yards in "even time" means 100 yards in 10 secs., or a rate averaging 10 yards per second. In 1875 R. Buttery, of Sheffield, ran a quarter of a mile in 48½ secs., and remains unbeaten to this day. George Hazael has ran 50 miles in three seconds less than six hours and a quarter, and he has also performed the prodigious task of covering 600 miles in six days' "go-as-you-please"— a pedestrian journey in which the competitors may run or walk as they prefer.

Now as to walking. As we all know, four miles an hour is the ordinary standard pace for a good brisk country walk. What shall we say, then, to eight miles an hour, fair heel and toe? Yet this has been done by W. Perkins, J. Raby, Griffin and other professors of the art. Perkins, indeed, has walked one mile in 6 min. 23 sec.—a rate of progression nearly approaching 9½ miles per hour. On the same occasion he walked two miles in 13 min. 20 secs., and three in 20 min. 47 secs., both unequalled records. The greatest distance ever walked without taking a rest is 120 miles 1,560 yards, by Peter Crossland, of Sheffield, and this is a marvelous instance of endurance, truly; but it pales before what must rank as the greatest pedestrian performance ever recorded, namely, Gale's walk of 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one and one-half miles each hour, to start walking at the commencement of each hour. This arduous undertaking was successfully carried out during the months of August, September and October, 1877. For six long weeks, in every single hour, had this indomitable little pedestrian to journey a mile and a half; and one imagines—or rather one can try to imagine—how he managed to sleep. We saw him finish that gigantic task. In the last mile and a half but one he seemed unable to move—slow, sore, jaded, utterly done up. In the last peregrination a marvelous change came over the scene—he went along at racing pace, attendants, mad with the enthusiasm of the moment, positively having to run to keep up with him; the plucky little fellow seemed imbued with a new lease of life. Gale was about forty-five years of age, and about five feet four inches in heighth. So long ago as 1809 the celebrated Captain Barclay performed the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours; and, although innumerable attempts, genuine and otherwise, have been made to equal his record, it remained unshaken till Gale so easily surpassed it.

With regard to jumping, professionals have been in the habit of using dumbbells and other contrivances in their competition; while amateurs, who patronize the sport far more than their rivals, have always jumped without any artificial aid. The records among the latter are both held by the same athlete—P. Davin, of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland—who has cleared 6 feet 2¾ inches high, and 22 feet 2 inches wide, both at local athletic gatherings. Thus both these feats are to the credit of the Green Isle. But the English records are within a shade in each case; and M. J. Brooks, who in 1865 won the Inter-'Versity high jump with 6 feet 2½ inches, is said to have cleared an inch more in practice. John Howard, a Bradford professional, who died quite recently, more than once cleared a full-size billiard-table lengthways—a feat requiring courage as well as ability; and on one occasion, on Chester race course, he jumped the enormous distance of 29 feet 7 inches. He took off from a wedge-shaped block of wood raised four inches from the ground and carried a five pound dumb-bell in each hand. In pole jumping—prettiest of all athletic past-times—the great height of 11 feet 4½ inches has been cleared by the present amateur champion, T. Ray, of Ulverstone.

Home After Business Hours.

The road along which the man of business travels is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life and a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the husband who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes; and then compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

OKRA is a great addition to chicken gravy or to that made when cooking any fowl. It is somewhat like gelatine in its effect.

THEY sat side by side on the car talking politics, and presently the man in the white plug hat inquired:

"Colonel, whom do you consider the greatest living orator?"

The colonel coughed, stroked his chin whiskers and made no reply. At the end of the block he got off without a word, and a passenger on the opposite seat leaned forward and said to the white hat man:

"That's a pretty blunder you made! Why, he's the very man himself!"

"Is that so!" gasped the other, and he ran to the platform to watch him out of sight.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

IRATE CUSTOMER—"See here, sir, when I was over last week, I bought a silk dress pattern of you at $2 a yard and you said the former price was $5."

Dealer—"Yes, you bought it at our grand bargain sale."

"Exactly. Well, my wife says that stuff has been selling in Philadelphia right along at $1.50 a yard."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. What did you mean by saying the former price was $5?"

"But it was."

"When?"

"During the war."

NEW GIRL—"Oh! Missus, there's something the matter with the milk."

Mistress—"Mercy me! What is it?

New Girl—"A yellow scum has gathered on top of it. I'm 'feared it's spoiled."

Mistress—"Where were you brought up?"

New Girl—"In New Yorrick."

Mistress—"I thought so."

The Conflict

Between disease and health is often brief and fatal. It is better to be provided with cheap and simple remedies for such common disorders as coughs, colds, etc., than to run the risk of contracting a fatal disease through neglect. Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam is a sure and safe remedy for all diseases of the lungs and chest. If taken in season it is certain to cure, and may save you from that terrible disease, consumption. It has been known and used for many years, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is the best remedy in the world for coughs, etc.

"IT is my opinion that we are on the eve of a great panic," said the man on the soap-box at the grocery store. "I have never known such universal distrust in financial circles as there is now, and unless there is an early return of public confidence I shall not be surprised at a general crash. Why, a man that I have known all my life refused to trust me for a 15-cent string of fish this morning, and they weren't very fresh fish either. I don't see how moneyed men can help feeling very uneasy in the midst of such a state of affairs. I think I'll draw my money out of the bank and invest it in land."

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant. 15c. Druggists.

"I DO not believe in this nonsense about Friday being an unlucky day," said Mrs. Minks.

"Don't you, my dear?" replied Minks, who was a trifle out of humor. "I believe in it though. Friday you will remember was the day I was foolish enough to ask you to marry me."

"Ah, yes," Mrs. Minks responded. "so it was, and I was foolish enough to accept you. Yes, Friday is an unlucky day."

SCORNFUL young ladies who in the funny columns of the newspapers during the past one hundred years have promised their sweethearts that they would marry them when the Washington monument should be finished are beginning to look around now for some convenient loophole of escape.

The Best for Butter.

There is but one best color for butter, and that is Wells Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, no candid investigator doubts. It is the best butter color in the world; is free from sediment or impurity, always ready for instant use, and it imparts to butter that rich dandelion yellow, without a tinge of red, which is the acme of desirability in any butter color.

PROFESSOR—"What is a traction engine?"

Bright Student—"A locomotive for running on ordinary wagon roads."

Professor —"Correct. Why is it called a traction engine?"

Bright Student—"It is called a trackshun engine because it shuns tracks."

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, sexual debility. $1.

FRAUDS have been discovered in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department. If the "Treasury" is to be "bled" at all, it seems eminently proper that the operation should be performed by the officers of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.

Carbo-lines.

He wins at last who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just.
Who's head, who's walk, his very mein,
Proclaim the use of Carboline.

"Is your wife aquainted with the dead languages?" asked the professor of a Newman man. "Maybe she is," was the reply, "but the language she uses is entirely too warm to have been dead very long."

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

"DON'T give it away, please, Mildred," said Amy to the high-shool girl, after reciting an escapade in which she had been engaged.

"No," replied Mildred, "I'll make no gratuitous presentation of it."

RECENTLY the representative of a fire insurance company, with a large book under his arm, called in at the store of a prominent merchant at the Stock Yards: "How's business; are you pretty well stocked up?" he inquired.

"Business's flatter nor a flounder," was the reply. "Grant and Ward and the rest of the Wall street thieves have knocked things higher nor Gilderoy's kite. Let my stock run down to almost nothing. Ain't got $500 worth of goods in the store."

"Ah, indeed," exclaimed the visitor. "I see by my memorandum that you are insured on stock in my company for $10,000. Shall have to cancel the policy for fraud."

"Oh, well," stammered the merchant, that makes a differenoe; that puts a new face on matters. I took you for the tax assessor. But the fact is, I got in an invoice of $8,000 of new goods this morning and actually have in store at this moment $12,000 worth of goods. Won't you step over to the Transit House with me a moment and see a man?"

How to Save Money,

and we might also say—time and pain as well, in our advice to good housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

STRANGER—"There is a place called Billingsgate in this city, ain't there?"

Londoner—"Oh, yes; any cabby will take you there."

"Can you hear 'em talk?"

"Hear who?"

"The fishmongers, and the rest of 'em."

"Of course."

"Are they very sensitive?"

"In what way?"

"Would they object to seeing me taking notes?"

"I do not catch your meaning. Taking notes of what?"

"Why, of the expressions they use."

"Well, I declare! What do you want to takes notes for?"

"Well, you see I am a Chicago editor, and want to prime up for the Presidential campaign."

HOTEL CLERK—"I had such a scare last night. Just after I got into my room I heard my diamond stud fall on the floor. The gas was not lit; I had no matches in my pocket, and the match-box was at the other end of the room. You can imagine how afraid I was to move."

Guest—"Indeed I can; but I am glad to see you escaped."

Hotel Clerk—"I escaped?"

Guest—"Yes; if you had stumbled over that stud you might have broken your neck."

Loss of Flesh and Strength,

with poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in morning, or on first lying down at night, should be looked to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood-cleansing, anti-bilious and invigorating compounds, known as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

A YOUNG man who held a loaded pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out, unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was cooly told by the young lady he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

"BEEN having your boots half-soled?" asked Tom. "Well yes," said Ben, who was looking a little seedy; "but they're not half s'old as my hat." And it was three o'clock the next afternoon before Tom understood just what he meant by it.

A JERSEY man was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train, when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat, and remarked, "Well, if I don't find that hat, I'll make the company pay for it."

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

AN old rail-splinter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A DOCTOR went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

"WILL your mother ever marry again?" he inquired. "Not with my approval," she answered; "such is my opinion thus far, and not a step-father."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

"ARE you satisfied with the arrivals?" asked Mr. Mosquito of his wife, as they sat in the window of a country summer resort. "Oh, yes," she sweetly sung as she fixed her eyes on a two-hundred-and-fifty pound gentleman, "I suppose they'll fill the bill."

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"WILL you please tell me, Mr. Occult," asked his favorite niece, "why Masons wear a pin with a 'G' in it?" "Certainly, my dear," replied Occult; "it is the same with men as with horses; a 'G' directs them to the right."

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgts.

NATIVE—"Well, how do you like our town?" Stranger—"Very nice place. Just consider that there are twenty-two trains on which you can leave it daily."

FIX UP THE FARM.—If the farmer improves his farm he improves his financial condition. The more valuable he makes it, the more his capital is increased, the larger will be his returns, and when he dies the larger will be the patrimony he leaves to his family. Fix up the old home, then. Clean out the fence corners. Destroy the noxious weeds. Grub out the hazel and thistle. Burn out the stumps. Clean off the logs and stones. Make a paradise on earth of your farm, for are you not to live on it while you remain on earth, and will not your family live on it while you lie in yonder graveyard? Plant out young orchards so that your family may enjoy the good fruit that you have the foresight and energy to provide for them.

A WELL-INFORMED dairyman estimates that fully 90 per cent. of the cows of the country drop their calves between the first of Febuary and the last of May. This leaves the supply of good butter quite limited during the winter, with prices correspondinly high. Winter dairying, which is so rapidly becoming the habit of our larger dairymen, will do much to remedy this. But there is more than better markets or higher prices to commend this system. One strong argument in its favor is the leisure the farmer has to devote to dairying during the winter. This system equalizes his year's labors, the summer being given to crops, the winter to his stock and dairy.

The rose bugs are apt to be very annoying at some seasons. The best remedy is to shake them off into a pail of water. The loose slug is often very injurious to the leves, completely skeletonizing them. All kinds of rapid remedies have been proposed, whale oil, soap, petroleum, ect., but the best thing of all is to set a boy to crush them by finger and thumb. It is astonishing how rapidely they are destroyed by this process. This is true of most of the larger insects. Hand picking or crushing is by far the best remedy. Peg down roses where a heavy mass of flowers is desired. The side shoots push more freely for this treatment. Roses may be propagated by laverin as well as other plants.

PROF. SANBORN has made some experiments in feeding grain to stock at pasture which indicate that even with milch cows the grain does not pay for the increased expense. There is a decided difference in the value of pasture at different times, even in the same season. Perhaps with rich grass in June feeding extra may not be profitable. But early in the season, when grass is watery, and later, when pastures are dried up, we are very confident that extra feeding is the better policy.

THAT tools to cut grain or grass should be kept well sharpened is pretty generally understood. But there is equal advantage in keeping a good edge on hoes, cultivators and other implements working the soil itself. "As dull as a hoe," has passed into a by-word indicating obtuseness, but with good farmers the hoe is not dull. Do not put last year's cultivator into the corn or potatoes without examining the teeth. If much worn either get new ones or send the old to the blacksmith to be made as good as new.

NEVER use manure from the stable on lawns, as the seeds of weeds are thus scattered, which germinate, grow up and disfigure the lawn. A fertilizer made of 200 pounds of sulphate of potash, 100 pounds superphosphate and 100 pounds of sulphate of ammonia will be found excellent. The quality is sufficient for an acre, and should be applied in October and April, half the amount being used at an application.

IF there is a wooden floor to the hogpen, no matter how high it is made, there will every year be a considerable amount of valuable manure find its way through. Even the earth under the floor, to the depth of six or eight inches, will make a good fertilizer. A hogpen floor should be laid with the purpose of taking up every second year, and it will generally need it if made of soft lumber.

ONE of the worst weeds in the newly-seeded meadows is the white daisy. It is especially abundant on fields, where young clover has been pastured after the grain with which it was sown has been but. Cattle will eat the white daisy when made into hay only when starved to it, so that enough is lost by depreciated condition of stock to offset whatever nutriment it may contain.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.
Step after step the ladder is ascended.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for **PILES.** Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address,
"ANAKESIS" Makers,
BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

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IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes. IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.
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DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.
R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's,
PITTSBURG PA.

CURTAINS are used so much for doorways that the ingenuity of woman is tried to achieve something in curtains a little different from her neighbors'. One successful woman made a pair of dark brown felt; they reached just to the floor; did not lie upon it at all. About half a yard from the bottom was placed a band of plush at least half a yard wide, and of the exact color of a pussy willow bud, just before it shows signs of opening—that soft and exquisite shade of gray. These bands were blind-stitched to the felt, and there was no embroidery or ornamentation of any kind. And yet, in a day of ornate embellishment, they were handsome, and satisfactory to the eye.

DON'T OVERDO IT.—Mr. Labouchere, who has dined in languages enough to entitle him to be heard with respect, does not believe that gastronomic enjoyment is to be obtained at a French banquet. As one reason for this, he says that servants hurry you too much through the courses, of which there are far too many. This is a fault by no means confined to France or to banquets; it is rampant at many a private dinner table in New York. Therefore would we bid our hostess have a well marked sufficiency of dishes, but not so great a variety as to confuse the palate and overload the stomach. With a superabundance of cheer on the table that which is around it becomes unavailable

A GOOD CUSTARD.—A dainty custard for tea or to be served with puddings is made of two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch to one quart of milk, three eggs, and sugar and flavoring to suit your taste. Beat the whites of the eggs separately and to a stiff froth. Cook the custard by placing the basin in which you mix it in another pan of boiling water; when it has thickened take it from the fire, and beat in the whites of the eggs. This is the time to add the flavoring extract also. The egg is sufficiently cooked if rapidly beaten into the hot custard, and the custard is rendered almost as light as whipped cream, and it may be heaped in glasses, or be put into one large glass dish.

THE banana has come to be almost a necessity in thousands of Northern families to whom it was unknown a few years ago. They are fried and served as an entree; pies are made of them, with a delicate upper and under crust with plenty of sugar and a suggestion of spice, but when sliced thin and mixed with chopped pineapple or with chopped oranges they are simply delicious. At breakfast they are served by removing the skin, cutting the bananas in two pieces, cross-wise, and piling them on a pretty china or fancy plate.

ONE of the necessities and luxuries also of the toilet table is a bottle of water in which you put as much powdered borax as will dissolve; keep putting it in until it begins to fall to the bottom and remains there. When you take your bath, or simply wash your face and hands, pour a little of this into the washbowl; it softens the water and removes soil without making the skin rough. It is good to use also when you wash the children's hair, as much soap is universally condemned for that purpose. When you feel that cleanliness demands soap a little pure Castile soap is recommended.

HOME-MADE DROP CAKES.—1 coffee-cupful of granulated sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 ounces of butter, 2 ounces of lard, 1 egg, 1 coffee-cupful of milk, 2 cupfuls of flour, flavoring to taste. Mix the sugar, baking powder and shortening (butter and lard) and flavoring well together: then add the egg, well beaten, and the milk. Thicken with the flour and drop on tins. Have the oven of your Florence brisk, put in your cakes and bake. Ten minutes should suffice.

MINCED HAM.—Cut up a pound of cold boiled ham very fine and season it with a little cayenne pepper and powdered mace. Put this, together with a gill of good cream and a half a pint of veal stock, into a saucepan and set it on the fire where the contents may become hot but not boil. Now have some slices of Fleischmann's Vienna bread, nicely toasted and buttered. Place these upon a hot dish, spread over them the minced ham and serve.

ESSENCE OF HAM.—Take a ham bone, remove all the remaining meat from it, and break it up in small pieces. Pound the meat in a mortar, and put it into a saucepan with the pieces of broken bone, adding a little thyme and parsley, eight or ten peppercorns and a pint and a half of stock made of the *bouillon du bœuf*. Set the saucepan on the side of the fire, where the contents may simmer very gently until all the flavor is brought out, which may take from two to three hours. Then strain and bottle for use.

GRAHAM griddle cakes are nice for breakfast on a cool summer morning. Use equal parts of graham and of corn meal, mix with sour milk, and use half a teaspoonful of soda to a scant cup of milk, add salt to your taste, and a little sugar, as that will make them nice and brown. If eggs are plenty one or two are a great addition. These cakes should be fried more slowly than buckwheat cakes.

BAKED BERRY ROLLS.—Make a biscuit dough according to the above recipe, roll it thin and cut it in squares of five or six inches. Spread over with berries or other fruit; double the crust over and fasten the edges together. Put the rolls into a dripping-pan close together until full, then put into the pan a little water, sugar and butter. Bake and serve with any desired pudding sauce.

ESSENCE OF MUSHROOMS, FOR FLAVORING AND GRAVIES.—Chop up the mushrooms and put them into a saucepan with a little lemon juice and a small piece of butter. Set the saucepan where the contents may simmer gently for two or three minutes, and then add a pint of white broth. Now let all boil gently for ten minutes more, then press through a sieve and set away for use.

FIRST old gentleman—"Who is that handsome young man standing there?" Second ditto—"That is my daughter's husband; very brilliant young man—he made a fortune through the law." First o. g.—"Indeed!" Second o. g.—"Yes; the law made me his father."

"WHAT a blessing it is" said Pat, slightly muddled, "that night niver comes on till late in the day, when a man is all toired out, and he couldn't work no more anyhow, even if it was morning."

BOMBAY TOAST.—Melt a piece of butter about an inch square, stir into it two eggs, cayenne pepper to taste, add a few drops of anchovy sauce; spread the mixture on pieces of buttered toast, all cut to the same shape, and serve hot.

AN English physician says a man can stop a fit of sneezing by crawling down stairs head first. Almost anything can be cured that way, if the stairs are steep enough. Funerals, however, are very expensive.

CAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

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"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

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"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

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"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently* cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Eldridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it."
Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

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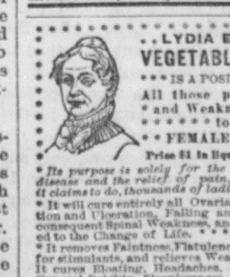

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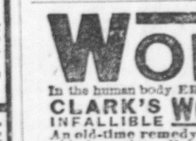

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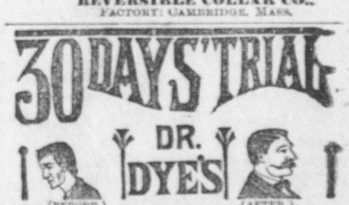

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 27, '84

WHISTLER WAS EATEN.

What an Examination of His Remains Revealed.

Delphi, Ind., August 19. A little after 7 o'clock this morning the body of William Whistler, a member of the Greely party, was exhumed. Those present were two physicians, Christian Whistler, the father, the aged William Whistler, grandfather and grand grandmother, and a half a dozen laborers and representatives of the press. The Whistler graveyard, where the body was interred, is near Rockfield, three miles east of this place. It is a country church yard, containing not more than a dozen graves. The body was exhumed and taken under the shade of a tree near the grave. Ten minutes were required to loosen the bolts of the casket. The casket was found filled with cotton waste. Whistler's body was found in muslin, and holding this in place was a hemp cord. A heavy blanket was next to the body. There was no further clothing. The head was covered with cloth and a skull cap with sealskin outside. Remnants of mittens were on the hands. The face and trunk were in a good state of preservation. The red hair and beard easily identified him to his friends. All the flesh had been cut from the arms and legs. The limbs were perfectly bare of muscle. The right foot, which had been frozen, was not touched by the knife, and the left hand was cut only to the wrist. The breast had not been touched, but every particle of flesh had been stripped from the back. The physicians found nothing in the stomach. The doctors will make no report of their observation unless asked by the Government.

BLAINE'S IMPORTED LABOR.

[From a Labor Interview in the Pittsburg Post.]

We have abundant evidence of how Mr. Blaine feels toward us here. He is one of the heaviest stockholders in the coal and ore mines in Elk Garden, West Va., and within the past two years this company has imported the majority of their laborers, and their mines to-day are filled with foreigners, principally Italians. This is the policy in which we are interested, and if Mr. Blaine expects to get the labor vote of this country he must do better than employ foreign talent in the works in which he is interested.

A BROAD HUMAN VIEW.

[Springfield Republican.]

Men are not nominated for the Presidency for their domestic relations, although those are assumed to be proper, but for their statesman-like abilities, their integrity, their fearless courage and their clear perception of the people's interests, as distinct from their own personal ends. When the inquest of character goes back of this, into the domain of man's sexual relations, it goes where the only certain thing is that innocent hearts will be filled with wretchedness and that the truth of motive and of action must ultimately be left between private conscience and its God, where Jesus Christ left it when He rebuked the crowd who pursued Mary Magdalene. It was on the money-changers in the temple that he used the whip.

BEN BUTLER PHOTOGRAPHED.

How the Great Demagogue Appeared in Front of the Sun's Camera Eleven Years Ago.

The life and career of Ben Butler fitly illustrate Danton's maxim, "Audacity, more audacity—always audacity." Whatever fictitious consequence he has, or of questionable success he may have attained, can be traced to that one governing rule of his conduct. Without it he would be lost in a crowd of trading demagogues and knaves to which he worthily belongs. With it he has become a power in the party which, while affecting to despise his vulgar practices, yet abjectly accepts his leadership and humbly bows before his power. Hated by some, contemned by many, and distrusted by all, this bad man with his crooked ways, foul methods, distorted mind and wicked heart, glories in these moral deformities, flaunts them constantly before the public eye and traffics in them as political merchandise. The notoriety which decency shrinks from as a degradation he seeks at any sacrifice. He treats the reproach which follows such exhibitions as so much capital added to the stock of ill-fame that has already made his name odiously conspicuous in and out of congress. Rejoicing in his own shame and coining money from open venality, discarding any pretense of principle, bound by no ties of honor, scoffing at religion, making politics a trade, despotic when clothed with authority, cowardly by nature, mercenary from habit and destitute of one ennobling quality for manly attributes to lift him up above these wretched characteristics, he is to-day the leading candidate for the highest honor in enlightened and moral Massachusetts. To this complexion we have come at last.

THE ARCTIC HORRORS.

Chicago, August 19.—A dispatch from Delphi, Ind., says: The body of Private Whistler, of the Greely party, was exhumed this morning in the presence of his relatives at the family cemetery in the country. His identity was fully established. The face and neck are well preserved, but the flesh is all cut from the back and limbs. The intestines were in place, but empty. The stomach only contained a small amount of hair and mossy stuff.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Deveraux, of Ionia, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

It seems somewhat difficult for the Blaine men to strike a fair average between his rum record and his prohibition record.—Philad. Chronicle Record.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

Truly the lines of Japanese usurers are not cast in pleasant places. The *Mainichi Shimbun* records one of the most determined murders we have ever heard of, the victim of which was a notorious money lender living at Isshiki-mura, Yurugi-gori, Sagami (Kanagawa Prefecture). It seems that this unfortunate usurer, Tsuyuki Usaburo, had made himself particularly obnoxious to the peasantry by the manner in which he pressed for payment of their debts. Some time ago, a number of the malcontents formed a league with the intention of slaughtering every member of the Usaburo family. Fortunately the police got wind of the matter and succeeded in foiling the plans of the conspirators. Despite this warning Usaburo took no notice whatever of the matter and went about as usual without taking the least precautions. However, he refused to advance any further sums to the villagers, and they, having no means to save themselves from starvation, chose rather to die by the law than from the pangs of lingering death. On the 15th inst., eleven of the conspirators, hearing that Usaburo had gone on a visit to Oiso, followed him thither, each armed with a naked sword. They traced their victim to a house which they forcibly entered, and then literally hacked the unfortunate man to pieces, cutting off both legs and stabbing him in innumerable places. The adopted son of Usaburo, who was present at the time, shared the same fate. Immediately afterwards the murderers went to the police station and voluntarily gave themselves up. It is stated that the conspirators number two or three hundred in all, and that they were about to set fire to the dwelling of Usaburo, but were prevented by the police, who proceeded to the spot so soon as the murder was reported.

VENETIAN WOMEN.

Says the author of "Life on the Lagoons:" I donot know why the women of the Venetian *popoli* have acquired a reputation for a certain elasticity of morals—unless it has been given them by those who wished to find it so. The reputation is not deserved, nor fairly based. The *costume* of the city has always been in favor of a quasi-Oriental treatment of women. The wife's place is indoors; she has no business to be out at all without her husband, or a very good reason. Even in her own house she will not stay in the room where her husband has his friends to supper, unless there be four or five other women to keep her company—in which case they all sit together at the foot of the table. If there are no other women present, the wife will retire to the kitchen, and join in the conversation at the top of her voice from that safe and invisible retreat. For the rest, the women of the quarter keep one another in order. Each one knows very well that all her neighbors would be down upon her, and that she dare hardly appear in the streets if she made a notorious false step. So the wife stays at home, and very likely till her own children begin to arrive she will have her mother—or her "madonna," her mother-in-law—to look after, or some old relation of her family or his. One of the pleasantest traits in the Venetian character is their affection for old people and babies. It is a beautiful sight to see the tenderness with which these great big fellows carry their infants in their arms. To their coevals they are often harsh, unjust, ready to take advantage, considering that these should be able to protect themselves; but a child or an old person rarely fails to receive respect and gentleness at their hands.

WEBSTER SAW THE SEA-SERPENT.

Thoreau in his "Summer" tells this story: B. M. W——tells me that he learns from pretty good authority that Webster once saw the sea-serpent. It seems it was first seen in the bay between Manomet and Plymouth Beach by a perfectly reliable witness (many years ago), who was accustomed to look out on the sea with his glass every morning the first thing, as regularly as he ate his breakfast. One morning he saw this monster, with a head somewhat like a horse's, raise some six feet above the water, and body, the size of a cask, trailing behind. He was careering over the bay, chasing the mackerel, which ran ashore in their fright, and were washed up and died in great numbers. The story is that Webster had appointed to meet some Plymouth gentlemen at Manomet, and spend the day fishing with them. After the fishing was over he set out to return to Duxbury in his sailboat with Peterson, as he had come, and on the way they saw the sea-serpent, which answered to the common account of this creature. It passed directly across the bows, only six or seven rods off, and then disappeared. On the sail homeward Webster, having had time to reflect on what had occurred, at length said to Peterson, "For God's sake, never say a word about this to any one; for if it should be known that I have seen the sea-serpent I should never hear the last of it, but wherever I went should have to tell the story to every one I met." So it has not leaked out till now.

Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage does the least concern other people, yet, of all actions of our life 'tis the most meddled with by other people.

The silence of Mr. Edmunds is a good deal more audible than the noise of Hawley or the howling of Ingersoll.—Albany Argus, Dem.

S. D. Durfey, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas Electric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever.

Since tinker's dam isn't a cuss word, it's no harm to say all the electoral votes Ben Butler will have won't be worth a inker's dam.—Harrisburg Patriot.

While the Widow Butler is flirting with Editor Dana some wicked person is dosing the Rag Baby in Illinois with Blaine soothing syrup.—Newark News.

The clergy, medical faculty and people all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating, blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

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AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods

Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

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GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves		Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 39 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves		Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves		Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
	EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves		Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves		Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves		Erie	1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMPT ACN leaves		Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	8.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			le3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.56
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
		A.M.			
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.50 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

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BOND VALENTINE, Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission. Insures First-class Life Companies, " " Life and Accident Companies, " " Fire Companies. German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's store, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

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J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, — DRUGS CHEMICALS! PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

VITAL QUESTIONS ! !

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of We nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always ?

And they tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops ! !"

Chapter I.

Ask any or all of your most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu ! !"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you :

"Mandrake ! or Dandelion ! !"

Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

Chapter II.

"Patients

Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, of liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy ! !

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,

Erysipelas !

"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

$11,950

IN CASH

GIVEN AWAY

To the SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

The genuine has picture of BULL on every package.

For particulars see our next announcement.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia**, or **Indigestion**, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

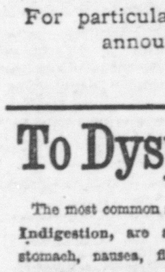
AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FOR HELP Women MEN WHO ARE NERVOUS AND LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electric Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards.

Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

Consult Dr. DE BUTTS Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

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A few good, reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our

NEW FRUITS AND SPECIALTIES !

together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. ☞LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms, address, giving full name, age and reference,

HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS,

20aug6t West Chester, Penn'a.

Sunbeams.

A great wag—a dogs's tail.

A strong case—Sweitzer kase.

A claret punch—A blow of the nose.

A jeweler's advice—Watch your offspring.

What the girls are not apt to object to—Sunday males.

The first cyclone happened in Eden. It was a perfect hurry-Cain.

Many a young girl has for her steady company a young man who is notoriously unsteady.

A lady on Brooklyn Heights calls her cat "Jealousy," because he's a green-eyed monster.

The crop of young doctors this year is unusually large. But what will the harvest be?

Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without being seen, and generally the cat gets it.

When a small boy gets spanked it may be truly said that there is a woman at the bottom of it.

"And he kicked you into street—weren't you mad?" "I did feel considerably put out."

When you see a man scratching himself don't imagine that he is full of personal magnetism. It may merely be old mosquito bites.

The mills of the gods must needs grind, very slowly and grind exceedingly fine when nine mills in this country don't make a cent.

One of the most responsible positions in this country is held by a Washington colored woman. She does up Mr. Brewster's shirts.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Podsnap energetically, "I don't believe in the extension of woman's suffrage at all—she suffers enough now."

Bacon said that an ant in an orchard is a "shrewd thing." Yes, but an ant up the shirt sleeve is much "shrewder" than if it were in an orchard.

Bathing suits more beautifully shocking than ever are announced for the coming season. Something must be done to attract people to the seashore.

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep" is the title of the latest song. If this is any seaside, hammock snap, the young man had better not do it. Let her fall asleep without it.

The small boy stands beside the pool, and with his hands the waters cool he feels; he lingers not, nor time does; the weather's hot, and with great haste he peels.

People in love don't feel the heat like ordinary mortals. At least it appears that they don't, for when it is too warm to even drink ice water a girl can stand a great amount of hugging.

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "supposs you go for the mail." "Yis, sor; an what kind of male wud ye be wantin', sor—Indian male or oat male?"

I don't think the photograph does me justice," said the actress. "Certainly not," replied the artist; "how many actresses would come to me for photographs, do you think, if I did them justice?"

"A propos!"—Sententious old bachelor (in the course of conversation): "As the 'old saw' has it, my dear madam, 'man proposes, but—'" Widow (promptly): "Yes; but that's just what he doesn't do!" [Tableau].

A Harlem girl was asked, this morning, if she had ever been married. "No," she replied, with alacrity; "but I've sued seven gentlemen for breach of promise, and feel as though I were just good and ready to tackle another."

"What do you think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh it reminds me of a Western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling?"

Little Nell—"Why, mamma, the sky is just as blue to-day as it was yesterday." Mamma—"Well, why shouldn't it be, pet?" Little Nell—"It rained last night." Mamma—"What of that?" Little Nell—"Didn't you say blue wouldn't wash?"

Nature is guilty of some queer freaks. For instance: Throw a ten-cent dog, that has never seen water, into the river, and it will immediately swim ashore; but when a $50,000 man, whose education in the natatorial art has been neglected, falls overboard he incontinently sinks to the bottom.

"You are an excellent cook, Mrs. Jackson," observed Simpul to his landlady; whom he owed two weeks' board. "I do so like your homemade bread. It tastes like my mother's bread. Have you another plate of it?" "No, Mr. Simpul," replied the lady with cruel dignity. "The baker left less than usual this morning."

Two gentlemen were discussing the health of their neighbor across the way. "He seems to be a great sufferer during nine months of the year," said one. "Yes," was the reply, "he is never well except during the hot months." "Rheumatic, probably, and the hot weater agrees him." "No; his wife is out of town."

"Shall I sing 'When the Robins Nest Again,' darling?" she asked, with a sweet smile, as she moved toward the piano. "Yes, love," he replied; then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the robins won't nest again till next year." She did not sing, and he doesn't go there any more.

"My dear, look down below," said a grandioso as he stood on the bridge with his wife, and gazing at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are——" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

"Yes, I have left my last place," said Mary. "An' what did you lave for?" "The mistress was too hard-hearted." "She had no more sensibilities than a ox." "An' did she abuse you, dearie?" "Indade she did that?" "An' what did she do?" "She put an allarum clock right in my room, an' in the mornings it made such a noise I could not sleep another wink."

2000 yards of best calicoes; all styles—Garmans.

Macramas in all shades—Garmans.

FEATS OF TELEGRAPHY.

We have often heard of the wonderful line between this contry and Teheran, the capital of Persias, a distance of 3,800 miles, but we scarcely realized the fact that good signals were obtainable through so great a length of wire until recently, when we availed ourselves of an invitation from Mr. W. Andrews, the Managing Director of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, to make a tour of inspection. It was between 7 and 8 on Sunday evening, April 13, when he reached the office.

In the basement of an unpretentious building in Old Broad street, we were shown the Morse printer in connection with the main line from London to Teheran. The courteous clerk in charge of the wire, Mr. Balgrove, informed us that we were through to Emden, and with the same ease with which one "wires" from the city to the West End we asked a few questions of the telegraphist in the German town. When we had finished with Emden, we spoke with the same facility to the gentleman on duty at Odessa. This did not satisfy us, and in a few seconds we were through to the Persian capital, Teheran. There were no messages about, the time was favorable, and the employes of the various countries seemed anxious to give us an opportunity of testing the capacity of this wonderful line.

T. H. N. (Teheran) said, "Called Kurrachee," and in less time than it takes to write these words we gained the attention of the Indian town. The signals were good, and our speed must have equalled fifteen words a minute. The operator at Kurrachee, when he learned that London was speaking to him, thought it would be a good opportunity to put us through to Agra, and to our astonishment the signals did not fail, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with Mr. Malcom Khan, the clerk on duty. To make this triumph of telegraphy complete, Agra switched us on to another line, and we were soon talking to a native telegraphist at the Indian Government Cable Station, Calcutta. At first the gentlemen "at the end of the wire" could not believe that he was not really in direct communication with the English capital, and he exclaimed, in Morse language, "Are you really London?" Truly, this was a great achievement. Metallic communication without a break from No. 18 Old Broad street, London, to the telegraph office in Calcutta! Seven thousand miles of wire! The signals were excellent, and the speed attained was not less than twelve, perhaps fourteen words, per minute.

DIVORCE UNDER THE ROMANS.

In ancient Rome, under the republic, divorce became more frequent with the decadence of manners. But Cæsar, Octavius, Antony, etc., contracted marriage even three, four and five times. Indeed, matters were so bad in Rome that it was considered an honor during the lifetime for a woman to have but one husband. A model epitaph on the grave of a Roman matron set forth that her life was "pious and exemplary, and that she had only one husband." Juvenal tell us how a lady could change her husband eight times in five years: and St. Jerome relates the spectacle could be witnessed at Rome of a woman who died, having had twenty-two husbands. The good father might have added, her last bridegroom was a man who had been divorced twenty-one times; the state paid the expenses of this curious marriage, and when the woman died, she was decreed a public funeral. The conquest of Gaul by the Romans introduced the institution of divorce. Basine quitted the King of Thuringia, for Chilperic, who married her. A Chilperic, King of Soissons, divorced his wife, Andover, because she so forgot court etiquette as to present herself her baby at the baptismal font to be christened. And Charlemagne divorced his, Theodora, because she was not a Christian. In Russia, when a husband and wife cannot get on together, they take a napkin, each holding an end, and having broken a cake in two, proceed to a cross-roads, and there, in the presence of some people, tear the napkin to tatters, till the smallest morsel remains in the fingers, incapable of further subdivision. If after this mutual tearing process they are not reconciled, each takes a different road, and the tribunal pronounce the divorce.

LIVELY ADVERTISING.

A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter of Paris. A fashionable dressed young man walked into a well-known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table. To him came a person who, from his conversation proved to be a tailor, and who accused him in warm words of being ungrateful, stating that he had dressed him on credit for five years. The young fellow fired up and declared himself insulted. A crowd gathered and eager eyes listened to the high words. Finally, to convince his quondam tailor that another house was cheaper and better, the late client pulled out the bill for the garments he wore. The name, price, address, etc., were read aloud, and the open-mouthed crowd drank it in. The enterprising tailor who got up this little drama found his profit.

No one can accuse Ben Butler of inconsistency. He has been always strictly for himself, and always will be.—Galveston News.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1880.

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

CAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?

"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Doveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?

"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?

"Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and thin like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?

"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?

"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?

"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?

"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. H. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?

"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?

"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?

"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Ebridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. E. Lemoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¾-inch arbor, 3 changes feed; sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

H. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.

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A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

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Furniture and Bedding !

THE LARGEST STOCK !

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Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Spring St.,————————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,

FORT ORANGE,

EASTLAKE AND

WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE

Prof. Harris' Radical Cure

Trade Mark

FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va Dec. 26, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months 7

FINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST ..... SHOES, ...

he Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brocker off Row, Bellefonte.

m4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

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COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors. 30julyly

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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MYGURIOUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHŒA AND IMPOTENCY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The amazing elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

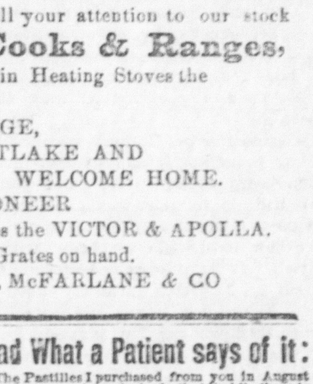
☞Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

SEND ADDRESS HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists. 306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

One Month's Treatment, $3; 2 months $5; 3 months $7

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine



Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER. AS NO EQUAL

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE Co

30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.

CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. Q.A. Kennedy, Agent, Centre Hall, Pa.

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the *Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order*, and **perfect health** will be the result. **Ladies** and others subject to **Sick Headache** will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters Being **tonic** and **mildly purgative** they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife and children three
One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

MY FOREIGN ANTAGONIST.

"And you are going home?"

"Yes, I am going home."

The happiness within me that found utterance in a laugh was reflected but dismally from the brown-bearded face opposite me. But then Gurney was down on his luck, and that was hardly to be wondered at, when a young ne'er-do-well like me could realize in two brief years the wealth that he had toiled for patiently during half a score in vain.

"And you'll settle down in the old country and be a steady, practical man for the future?" he said, looking at me wistfully.

"Yes, and I'll marry Janie, and make her happy and proud of me; and you'll visit us, Gurney, won't you, to see how I have taken all your good counsel and my own good luck to heart?"

"Maybe, maybe; I don't promise," smiling thoughtfully and stroking his silken beard as he spoke; "but you have had rare fortune, young one, and you do well to sit down now and consider how to do the very best with yourself. It is not every one who finds himself at 25 with a university education and a realized fortune, and a sweet, faithful girl waiting for him at home. But that is the way of things; chance gives you that because you were a bad boy to begin with, while I, who was as steady always as Rhadamanthus and the remaining judges, have a handful of nuggets for my whole capital and a grave under the wattle trees to mark the end of my love story. Hardly fair, is it, young one?"

"Horribly unfair," I answered warmly, "but your turn will come; it always does to the deserving and patient. And as to me, why my end is not seen yet. 'Call no man happy till he is dead,' you know."

A faint smile broke over his face.

"Do you think I envy you or grudge you anything? Oh no, I am not such a bad fellow as that. I would not take from you one gleam of your contentment if I could. I am satisfied both for you and for myself. Prosperity is the pabulum you will thrive on, while I should be the same under any fortune."

We were on our way together down the main street of Tarrangower, he coming from the store where he had been disposing of some gold-dust to an agent who paid threepence an ounce more for it than the bank price, I from the New South Wales Bank, whence I had been drawing my fortune in the form of a bulky roll of one hundred pound British notes.

"It is scarcely safe to carry all that around here," an acquaintance ventured warningly, as I was buttoning the money into the pocket of my moleskin trousers.

"I shall take the number of the notes by-and-by," I answered carelessly. "You know I sail for England next week."

"And why not have that money transferred to the bank there for safety, and your own comfort in traveling, and a hundred reasons?" the man asked in surprise.

"I like it this way; I like the feel of it about me, and convenience is altogether a matter of opinion."

Then I went out whistling, not through dearth, but through abundance of thought. That bulky roll represented love and triumph, and reconciliation with the family at home, who had feigned to despair of me once.

"Oh, Janie, Janie, how fond and faithful you have been!" I thought tumultuously. "Heaven helping me, my future will be worthier of you than my past has been."

And then I had encountered Gurney, and, linking my arm in his, we had walked down the street together, while I dilated to him on my prospects.

"You go to Europe next week, and I start up the country to-morrow, and it may be we shall never meet again," he said, regretfully.

"Then let us drink a stirrup-cup at parting," I said, drawing him toward the open door of the Kangaroo.

"A stirrup-cup of water, if you will."

"Preaching again!" I said pettishly.

"No, not preaching; only urging you, by our friendship, to make me happy."

"What is it to you?"

"I like you; I want to know you safe before you leave me."

I twisted myself away from him impatiently.

"No man has ever called me a drunkard," I said.

"No, certainly not, and I want to make sure no man ever will."

I hesitated, looking at him doubtfully.

"Surely it is in the hour of our greatest triumph that we should most really bring our sacrifice to the altar."

"All right," I said, flushing. "I promise."

"Promise what?"

"To abstain from intoxicating drinks as beverages' for ever," laughing uncomfortably.

He stretched out his big hand and grasped mine.

"I am satisfied about you, now young one; I never was before. Heaven bless you!" And then we sauntered into the saloon together, and drank a glass of ginger-beer, amicably chatting in a desultory way.

Groups of two and three were scattered here and there about the bar, chatting noisly for the most part, though a few drank deeply in sullen silence; but, except the lounger by the door, who stood with his hands plunged deeply in his pockets, and his slouch-hat drawn low over his restless eyes, each man had some mate to reflect his humor or contradict it.

"That is the Italian fellow," I whispered, nodding toward him.

"Yes; cleaned out or thereabouts," Gurney answered, in a low tone, and then we turned to leave together.

As we passed out some impulse prompted me to turn towards the stranger, and, extending a sovereign on my open palm, I said, curtly:

"Have it, mate?"

"I did not beg," he answered, coldly, speaking with a distinct foreign accent.

"Of course not, but it will bring you luck. Money from the pockets of a successful digger always does," I said lightly,

"Tank you." He took the coin from me, but held it doubtfully in his hand while he followed me with his eye.

"That fellow is desperate. I should have said nothing to him, on the principle of letting sleeping dogs lie," Gurney remarked.

"It is always well to do a kind action when one has the chance," I said carelessly. "That may stave off suicide another week;" and then Gurney and I shook hands and parted, with some vague hope of meeting somewhere, some time, if we could.

It was a dark night, and when once I had left the lights of Tarrangower behind me, the blackness seemed to close around me with a sense of discomfort. After all, had I been wise to carry all that money on my person, and to take my way, alone and unarmed—for an unloaded pistol was a mere toy—through a district so familiar in those adventurous days with deeds of violence? Several men saw the money at the bank, and others knew that I meant to draw out my investments that day. Why had I not told Gurney, and let him come home with me? Why had I not——?

But pshaw! What was the good of shrinking like a child before a dark night? There was no danger—none in the world; the men who had seen the money were as honest as I was, and once I had reached my hut I would load my revolver and be ready for attack.

To keep up my heart I fell to humming one of Janie's old songs, while I strove to concentrate all my attention on the path before me. I had proceeded thus half way home, and my first terrors were fading away when, just where the uncertain road-way dipped into a thicket of eucalyptus, a hand was laid on my shoulder and a vibrant voice said tremously:

"Your money or your life!"

"Ha, it is you, scoundrel, whom I helped!" I said, wheeling round suddenly on my unseen assailant. "Dog of an Italian, would you dare!"

It was furious indignation and scorn of such a base return of my kindness that animated me at the moment. Battling for existence of my treasure had not occured to me yet.

"Yes, I would dare because I am mad," the man panted forth.' "You must give me the gold; you are young, you can gain more. You have hope, I have nothing—give it me!"

"Yes, I shall give you—that," I said, striking in the direction of the voice, and then we closed with each other.

After that neither of us spoke, but we wrestled like giants, while each clutched the other by the throat.

My money was safe still, secured by a flap and button over the pocket, according to a fashion prevailing in the colony at the time, and my chance of life lay in the endurance of my thews and sinews, for I knew I was confronted by a desperate man.

Round and round, backwards and forwards, circling recklessly, and grapoling each other furiously, we went, while the sense of strangulation due to his grip on my throat increased as he strove to throw me.

"Ten seconds more and I shall be choked," I thought; and then I loosened one hand from its hold of him, and struck out with my clenched fist towards the region of his heart.

The blow told; he fell like a log, being apparently paralyzed for the moment; but in falling he dragged me with him, and his grasp of my throat never relaxed.

"I am dying," I thought, striving with all my remaining strength to loosen his hold of me, and then my thoughts wandered confusedly towards my mother and Janie, and the home I had meant to make for my darling; and then I remember no more I had either fainted or been suffocated into insensibility.

How long I remained thus I cannot tell. When I recovered consciousness the murderous pressure had fallen off, but my assailant still lay beneath me, breathing heavily.

Simultaneously we seemed to recover consciousness, and in unison we rose to our feet. I was trembling in every nerve; my aching eyeballs seemed starting from my head; my parched throat refused to utter a sound, and my assailant seemed in no better case.

For an instant we stood apart, glaring at each other through the darkness; then, as though at a given signal, we closed with each other again, instinctively, neither knowing why. I believe he had no more thought then of taking the money than I had of defending it. There seemed nothing awake in us but mere animal fury; brute force opposed brute force, demanding victory at any cost.

Again we wrestled and strove, white face close to white face in the gloom, and again the contest was so equal that no spectator would have known on which side to promise victory. For many minutes we wrestled silently and then we fell again, and this time I was undermost. And then ensued a struggle such as I had no idea men were capable of. We rolled over each other, we strained every nerve each to kill the other, we dealt each other desperate blows at random, and then, when exhaustion forbade another movement, mechanically we desisted, and as mechanically rose and drew a few labored, gasping breaths, and rushed to the contest again.

Whether or not my opponent was armed, I knew not; at any rate he made no attempt to draw any weapon. As for me, I carried my useless pistol, but even had it been loaded, I question if I would have used it after the first five minutes; the contest was so terribly close and equal that a thought of any extraneous aid did not occur to me.

Our action was wonderfully concerted; as though governed by a double mechanism we struggled, fell, rose and resumed the fight, and that after each had grown so weak that a child could have vanquished either.

And through all my terrible craving for his life there crept, by-and-by, a slow consciousness of respect for him. He was tough as leather, and he fought well, taking his punishment with an endurance that hitherto I had deemed exclusively British.

When I look back on the incident now, I have no knowledge of time, no memory of anything but pain, and effort, and blinding blows. I cannot tell how long the struggle lasted, or how it terminated; I only know that at last the end came somehow, and that, after a period of oblivion, I returned to consciousness, and found myself alone.

How I reached home I cannot tell. I walked the distance, doubtless, as somnambulists do, for next day when a neighbor came to look me up, I was tossing on my bed in a raging fever, and the money that had so nearly been the price of a life, was safely buttoned in my pocket.

Of course the Great Britain sailed without me, and of course the friends awaiting me at home grew sick of the silence which no explanation came to break, for what message could any one send who expected hourly to see me die?"

But the turn in my long illness came at last, and then I turned slowly and reluctantly towards improvement. I had fought a hard battle for life beneath the shadow of the eucalyptus; that which disease waged against my youth later, was as deadly and more prolonged. But youth triumphed at last, and I rose a shadow of my former self, likely to be debarred from existence on the old, glad, free, triumphant terms for many a year.

It was years before the last momento of my encounter with that desperate ruffian had passed out of my system, but now, after half a lifetime, I can look back from my fair, happy English home on that incident of my career as contentedly as on any other of my colonial experiences.

As to my enemy, his body had been found in the creek while I lay at the point of death, but whether fallen there by accident or flung in through despair, I never knew.

Gurney's affairs brightened after I left him, and the last time I looked on his honest face, as he sat beside my Janie's sister, with my youngest boy on his knee, I decided conclusively that life was not so nearly over for him by a long way as he had imagined when good luck and he stood on the opposite sides.

Exports 1884.

During the month of April 1884, were exported from the United States 2,756,549 bushels corn, 6,114,526 bushels of wheat, 728,362 barrels flour, 637,748 bushels other grain, and 648 083 pounds other meal, valued at $12,257,185, as against $12,465,979 for April last year, a slight decrease. For the ten months ending April 30, the exports were of corn 37,576,383 bushels, of wheat 59,-511,362 bushels, of flour 7,330,003 barrels, of other grain 5,802,300 bushels and of meal 23,790,083 pounds valued at $133,056,125, as against $179,739,004 for the corresponding ten months ending April 30, 1883. A very serious falling off.

Buddhist Bells.

The sounds of Japan, are nearly all unmusical to the foreign ear, the exceptions being the laughter of the women and the sweet, almost indescribable, melody of the Buddhist bells. Some of the latter, called *tsuri-gane*, are of the ordinary shape, weigh several tons, are wonderful specimens of bronze castings, and are suspended in strongly built belfries; others, termed *rin*, concave in form, are portable, and are used in the temple service, or carried about the country by begging priests. Beyond their graceful outlines and beauty of metal there is, at the first glance, little in the *rin* to indicate the high value placed by the Japanese upon these bronza bowls, but no sooner is the slightest touch applied to their rims than their extraordinary qualities are revealed and the listener acknowledges that, in the making of bells, as in many other arts, the Japanese possess secrets as yet unsolved by science. Although every Buddhist temple in the empire contains one or more of these *rin*, few of those that have been dedicated to religious use are ever offered for sale. They can only be secured after the destruction of some temple by fire, or by the poverty of the priests, who, deprived of Government patronage and support, have, of late years, been compelled to rely upon their congregations for subsistence, and have parted, piecemeal, with their most cherished treasures. The first *rin* used in Japan were brought from Corea, during the sixth century, by the Buddhist missionaries who "peacefully invaded Nihon, and succeeded in converting the mass of the inhabitants to their faith." These antique objects, some of which are still preserved in the temples, were simply brass bowls, such as had been used for many centuries in India, and were only slightly sonorous. The æsthetic Japanese quickly improved upon the Corean bell by making a peculiar combination of metals, which they cast and hammered until they produced the wonderful-toned *rin* that excite the admiration of the foreigner and affect their own people so profoundly. The traveller, on approaching a Japanese temple, often hears a low, humming sound that, upon his listening intently, resolves itself into the one prayer of the Buddhist devotee. Then follows a rapid succession of strokes upon the *rin*, and musical vibrations that are sometimes prolonged nearly two minutes and whenever heard possess the same wonderful charm that caused Mark Twain to say while listening to one of these bells, "I don't believe I shall ever hear more heavenly sounds untill I reach the Golden City." Very many *rin* have the Buddhist prayer inscribed upon their rims, or bear the names of pious persons who united to present them to their temples; others are *ex voto* or *in memoriam* offerings; some of the dedications being quite touching in their simple earnestness.

An Island of Salt.

The population of Turk's island is about five thousand, 80 per cent. being negroes, who alone constitute the laboring population. Although represented in encyclopædias as being a part of the government of Jamaica, Turk's island is a separate and distinct colony, with its own ruler appointed by the crown and a legislature or council. The only connection with Jamaica is that the laws enacted by the legislature of Turk's island are subject to the approval of the governor-general of Jamaica. Of the eight councilmen, four are official, or ex-officio, and the other four are unofficial, being appointed by the commissioner, as the governor of Turk's island is called. The island also have a supreme court and lower courts. Thus the little colony has all the machinery of a state, but the people have no voice whatever in the government. The cost of the government used to be about $55,000 a year, all raised within the islands, but now it is about $35,000, having been retrenched in deference to popular demand. There is a strong feeling among the people in favor of annexation to the United States. The British government does nothing for them except to contribute $1,500 a year toward carrying the mails, and to appoint the officials who receive the salaries raised by duties and by taxation. There is not a lawyer on the island, though if a few dozen Providence lawyers should emigrate there they would probably be able to earn their Turk's island salary honestly by working at seventy-five cents a day, the ordinary pay for labor in the salt pens. There is not even a public prosecutor, the queen's advocate having died some time ago, and nobody appointed in his stead. The supreme court is almost a sinecure, and there being no lawyers to make trouble, the jails are usually empty. The islands are healthy, although the colonial paper is full of patent medicine advertisements, including catharic pills, liver invigorators and worm tablets. The islands have a tariff on imports, and duties are collected on goods, whether from the United States, England or Jamaica, or any other part of the world.

Of course the most interesting feature about Turk's island is the salt manufacturing industry. At Grand Turk, where it is chiefly followed, the water is led from the ocean by means of a canal about twelve feet wide and two and one-half feet deep to the government reservoir, which is from 600 to 800 feet long and twenty feet wide. From this reservoir the water is drawn by machinery into ponds or "pens" as they are called, and which are from 150 to 200 feet square, and about two feet deep, and separated from each other by rough stone. In the cases of a few proprietors of salt pens the water is drawn from the government reservoir into private reservoirs before being transmitted into the pond for evaporating. There is a salometer for measuring the saline strength of the water, and when the salometer shows eighty to ninety degrees of strength, the result after evaporation is one and one-half to two inches of salt. The time taken in evaporation varies according to the amount of sunshine. During the rains in May, and in October and November the salt is slow in forming. Evaporation leaves the salt dried hard and firm, like a field of ice, and white as snow, but a curious feature of the ponds during evaporation is the varying color of the pickle—green, blue, red, pink, purple, indeed every variety of color except yellow or black. It is a spectacle well worth seeing. The salt is broken up in small pieces with rakes and dumped in the vicinity of the pond. There are some salt houses, but the salt as a rule is piled in heaps varying from twenty to a thousand bushels. The salt is removed in half bushel baskets to lighters, which carry it out to vessels in quantities of 175 to 200 bushels, and from the lighters it is dumped into the holes of the vessels. Most of the salt is as it leaves the ponds, but about 25 or 30 per cent. of it is crushed for fish purposes. There is a royalty of 10 per cent. on the value of the salt. About 1,590,000 bushels are exported yearly, the firm above mentioned having exported 852,000 bushels last year, in 102 vessels. The number of vessels which leave Turk's island with salt each year is about two hundred. The salt is sent to the United States and British provinces, and a load was recently sent to Brazil, and well approved, though the South American market is at present supplied from Liverpool. The islands are not severed from the world, for both the Clyde and Cunard lines touch there. It is an interesting incident in this connection that a good number of years ago the islanders vainly appealed, time after time, to the British government for relief from an oppressive duty, but no notice was taken of them. At last a strong agitation was aroused in favor of asking the British government to permit the islands to apply for annexation to the United States. The existence of the movement was officially reported to England, and very soon the obnoxious duty was removed.

The King Snake.

The king snake, is the master of snakes, as its name applies. When full grown it is about an inch and a half thick and six or seven feet long; its color is jet black, with regular crossbars of white from head to tail. It is of handsome appearance, and is the most active and powerful of all other snakes. It, like man, is at enmity with all the serpent tribe. It does not hesitate to attack the largest rattlesnake or copperhead. Its attack is made with great skill, commencing by making a circuit of the enemy, who at once forms his deadly coil of defence, contracting the circle at every evolution, passing so fast that he seems to form a spotted ring around his adversary, who is dazzled by the splendor. The king continues his lighten-like speed, seeing its chances, leaps suddenly, seizing the enemy by the neck, and, with great skill, winds itself around the latter, drawing its folds closer and closer, breaking its bones and crushing out the life of its foe. It then slowly unfolds itself, but if any sign of life is perceived in its victim it is again enfolded until the king is satisfied of its death. It then slowly moves off to seek its food or another serpent to slay.

A New Ocean Route to Europe.

It is nearly 2,800 miles from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, but it is only 2,600 miles from a point on the west shore of Hudson's Bay to Liverpool. It is only 700 miles from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, but it is nearly three times that distance from Winnipeg to New York, and the Manitobans are inquiring whether they cannot secure an outlet for their surplus wheat by establishing a new ocean route, employing a fleet of grain ships to run between Liverpool and a port on Hudson's Bay. The Dominion government has sent an expedition to ascertain wheather the project is feasible, and seven stations will be established in Hudson's Bay to make observations. Navigation by the proposed route would be restricted by ice to a very few weeks in midsummer, but it is thought that the grain fleet would have time enough to take Manitoban wheat across the Atlantic. It is evident that the United States can obtain an important traffic by encouraging the construction of a canal to connect Winnipeg with the chain of Great Lakes, so that a waterway to New York would be open to the Manitobans for the greater part of each year.

Examine your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Time once passed never returns; the moment which is lost is lost forever.

To conceal a fault by a lie has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

Learned men are never anxious to seem learned to others, and to be called wise.

Treat servants as you would like to be treated yourself, were you in their place.

Life becomes useless and inspired when we have no longer friends or enemies.

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

Ask thyself daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Let your inclination be to those who advise rather than to those who praise your conduct.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects upon what he has spoken.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

When is the time to show your friendship for a man if it isn't when he has made a mistake?

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity generally ends in shame.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions.

New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or to receive.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the face.

Conscience is the great ally of reason; the two are what give to man the dignity and importance which he possesses.

Public discussions is an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free.

Be not penny-wise; riches have wings and sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be sent flying to bring in more.

There is no police like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

Employment, which can be called "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother to misery.

Religion gives part of its reward in hand, the present comfort of having done our duty; and for the rest, it offers us the best security that heaven can give.

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

There is a thread in our thoughts as there is a pulse in our feelings—he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

Nothing so increases reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow and deem others so.

It is the rhythmical alternation of monotony and change, the power of bravely bearing the one while necessary, and of heartily welcoming and embracing the other in due season, that serves to make a full, rounded and happy life.

If a man will only start with a fixed and honorable purpose in life, and persistently attempt to carry it out to the best of his ability, undismayed by failure or delay, the time may be long in coming, but it will come when that purpose will be achieved.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accident alone, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is as sure as life, it is as sure as death.

The rich and greedy will do well to bear in mind that coffins have no pockets. Everything they possess they must leave behind, and all of it is perishable except their good deeds. They will live and bloom over their graves and spring up beneath their feet in heaven, and perfume the atmosphere even in the Celestial regions.

This is an age of slander. Every individual; every institution throughout the land, is exposed to its baneful effect, and as a consequence men of genius and high sense of honor decline to accept public trusts for fear of being slandered and having their existence embittered. It is about time that slanderers should be punished. The public welfare demands it.

When you do your fellow-man a favor do not cackle over it like a hen that has laid an egg, and proclaims it to all the world, nor do expect that the recipient should bow his neck for you to step on when you mount your horse. Such action will demonstrate that you are a small-souled man, who wilfully causes misery to a fellow-creature. Such rudeness can not bear good fruit.

IRISH LAMENTATION.

Cold, dark and dumb lies my boy on his bed;
Cold, dark and silent the night dews are shed;
Hot, swift and fierce fall my tears for the dead!

His footprints lay light in the dew of the dawn,
As the straight, slender track of the young mountain fawn;
But I'll ne'er again follow them over the lawn.

His manly cheek blushed with the sun's rising ray,
And he shone in his strength like the sun at midway,
But a cloud of black darkness has hid him away.

And that black cloud forever shall cling to the skies;
And never, ah, never, I'll see him arise,
Lost warmth of my bosom, lost light of my eyes!

SABINA'S VACATION.

"Two weeks—two whole weeks!" said Sabina Gray. "How shall I ever pass them away!"

Sabina Gray was emphatically a working woman. For three years she had sat behind the cashier's desk in a great lace and ribbon store on Chestnut street, making change, adding up long rows of figures, deciding whether this coin were spurious or that banknote counterfeit, balancing her books every night as precisely as if it were to be her last, and commencing anew every morning as regularly as the clock struck eight—until, one sultry afternoon, the battalions of figures seemed to reel and grow dim before her eyes, and they carried her home in a dead faint, to the breathless horror of her mother, her consumptive brother, and the two sisters who taught school and spent all their wages in gay clothes.

She must have change of air, said the doctor, and rest—entire rest—from her duties!

"Bless me!" said poor Mrs. Gray. "And we with only two dollars left after the rent is paid and the grocer's bill is settled!"

"And it will never do for Sabina to give up her situation, when we need her salary so much," said Elinor, the eldest of the school teaching pair, who had just bought an imitation gold necklace.

"Of course, it is out of the question," said Belinda, the second girl, who was saving up for a silk gown.

"Very well," said the doctor, brusquely, "In that case, you may as well order her coffin at once."

And he went out, with small ceremony.

"Horrid, heartless bear!" said Elinor.

"Doctors never do have any nerves," said Belinda.

But the little consumptive lad tied his faded handkerchief around his neck, and pulled his cap over his ears, and went down to Mechlin & Marabout's to tell his simple story.

"If you would please let her off for a few days, sir," said he to the head man. "Because the doctor said she must have rest, and I don't think she will have the courage to ask you herself."

The head man, although he looked so bearded and majestic that Bobby's heart sank within him, had yet a kind heart.

"You are a good boy," said he. "Yes, tell Miss Gray that she can have two weeks—her salary to go on just the same—from Monday next."

And Bobby sped home, like an arrow out of a bow, to tell the good news

The next question was where was Sabina to go? Hotels, fashionable resorts, crowded boarding houses, were out of the question for an individual of her slender means.

"There's Cousin Alyssa Streeter has an elegant cottage at Long Branch," said Mrs. Gray. "She used to spend six weeks at a time with me when we were girls together, and my father was a well-to-do farmer. I will write to her. She will be glad to receive you."

"But, mother," said Sabina, her pale cheeks flushing up, "I have never seen her."

"What difference does that make?" said kind Mrs. Gray, who believed all the world was as kind and loyal as herself.

"She married a rich New York broker," said Miss Elinor. "I often wondered that she did not invite us there.'

"And she has got a rich son," added Belinda. "Maria Middleton saw him once. A perfect Adonis! I say, Ina, how I wish I could go with you!"

Mrs. Gray wrote; and after some delay, in which two of the precious vacation days were lost, a brief and rather frigid note came back. Mrs. Streeter regretted to hear of the ill health of her cousin's daughter—regretted still more that her house was full of guests at present, but would endeavor to find a room somewhere for Miss Gray, if it was *absolutely necessary* (these last words were underlined) that she must come at this particular time.

Sabina made a little grimace, as she read the letter which her mother handed her.

"Must I go, mother?" said she.

"I don't see that there is any choice left for you," said Mrs. Gray, sadly.

"It will be the worst dose of medicine I have ever taken yet," said Sabina.

So she started with her little traveling bag and the blue-lined bonnet that made her face look like a newly blossomed violet, so sweet, and fresh, and innocent. But instead of taking her ticket for Long Branch, she bought one for Mauch Chunk instead.

For there in the leafy wilderness that skirts the beautiful Lehigh river, lived old Aunt Mehitable Cooper, who wove rag carpets for a living.

In the family discussions no one had mentioned Aunt Mehitable. She was old and she was poor; but in her secret heart Sabina felt that she had rather go to Aunt Mehitable, in her one-storied farmhouse, than to share the elegance of Mrs. Streeter's Queen Anne Cottage at Long Branch.

"I will write to mamma when I get there," she thought. "I know Aunt Hetty lost a daughter once, and perhaps that will make her none the less glad to see me; and perhaps I can help her about her carpets; and I know there used to be such lovely wild flowers in the woods around the Lehigh river.

"Well, I am beat!" was Aunt Hetty's characteristic ejaculation, as her grandniece came up the path through the woods, her belt stuck full of ferns and wild flowers. "Why, it's Mary Gray's darter Sabiny, ain't it? I knew you by your blue eyes and the way you smiled at me."

"I've come to visit you, Aunt Hetty," said Sabina.

Then she told her simple tale.

"You're welcome as flowers in May," said Aunt Hetty—"that is, if you can sleep on the calliky lounge in my bedroom, because I've got a boarder—a city young man. Come out here for three weeks to fish."

"Oh!" said Sabina.

"But he's real pleasant," added Aunt Hetty. "No more trouble than a chicken. His name is—bless me! here he comes now. Adam, this is Sabiny Gray. Sabiny, this is my boarder."

Sabina had been half inclined to be vexed at the idea of this delicious solitude being invaded by any one save herself, but one glance at the handsome, frank face of Mr. Adam disarmed her; and they were presently the best of friends, chatting away on the doorstep, while Aunt Hetty baked biscuit, set forth a comb of new honey, and produced a dish of wild strawberries whose fragrance perfumed the whole room, and broiled some delicious spring chickens of her own raising.

And after tea Aunt Hetty took Sabina out to the shed to see the carpet loom, where the bright colored rags glowed like sections of a kaleidoscope.

"Why don't you lock the door, Aunt Hetty?" said Sabina.

"La, child!" said the old woman. "What should I lock it for? Nobody comes here but artists to sketch the old house—they won't wait until I get the north chimney fixed up again—and the neighbors to see about jobs of carpet weavin'! I've a deal of time to work since Adam come. He milks for me every night, and brings home the cattle, besides keeping me in fresh fish all the time. He lights the fire for me, too, of a morning, and fills the kettle, and brings in wood for all day!"

"Oh!" thought Sabina. "Mr. Adam is a poor young man, is he, working for his board? Well, I'm a poor young woman, and I must do the same."

"Well, Aunt Hetty," she said, cheerily, "I'll cook the dinner for you to-morrow, and sweep the house—and you must teach me to weave rag carpet."

"La, me, Sabiny! that arn't no way to treat company!" said Aunt Hetty. "You're here to go walkin', and gather posies, and freshen up those white cheeks of yours a bit!"

"Yes, Aunt Hetty, I know," said Sabina, coaxingly, "but I would rather help you a little, too—just a little."

So the next day she tied one of Aunt Hetty's gigantic checked aprons around her, and cooked the glistening spotted trout which Mr. Adam brought home and afterward she washed the dishes and wove half a yard in red and blue rag carpet, which chanced to be on the loom, before she went walking.

"It is such a wild, lonely life," she said to herself. "I should like to weave rag carpet always!"

She lost her way in the woods, of course; but what cared she for that? It was only to follow the blue windings of the river Lehigh till she reached home—and, before she was half-way there, Mr. Adam overtook her, and they had a pleasant walk back to the cottage.

There is no place like a summer glen for becoming well acquainted, and presently he had told her that he had come to Mauch Chunk to get out of the way of a houseful of company at home.

"My mother wants to marry me to an heiress," said he, as they sat resting on a mossy log by the river side. "A young woman with green eyes, a muddy complexion, and a temper as crooked as her nose!"

"Oh, you could never do that," said Sabina.

"Not at all!" said he, with emphasis. "My ideal is a blonde, with light brown hair, blue eyes, rather a low brow and—"

He stopped suddenly.

Sabina's face flushed. Was not this the exact description of the fair countenance at that moment mirrored in the river?

"And now tell me why you came here?" said he, as if to change the conversation.

"I am a shop girl," said Sabina—"a cashier, rather—in a Philadelphia store. I have ten days' vacation to spend here. I was to have been sent to a fashionable cousin in Long Branch, but—but I preferred to come here. Now, Mr. Adam, we must hurry back. I am to get tea for Aunt Hetty."

"We will hurry back, by all means," said he. "But you mustn't call me Mr. Adam. Say Adam."

"That would be very familiar," said Sabina.

"My name is Adam Streeter," said he. "And I certainly shall not permit you to say Mr. Streeter."

Sabina started.

"Streeter?" she said. "Are you Alyssa Streeter's son?"

"I am."

"It is Kismet!" cried Sabina, laughing. "I came here expressly to get away from you."

He bit his lip.

"I comprehend," said he. "You are the pretty working girl whom mother was so afraid of. Perhaps that was one reason why she was so anxious that I should come out here trout fishing."

And both the young people burst out laughing, until the gray old rocks echoed again.

Was it at all strange that, under the circumstances, Adam Streeter and Sabina Gray fell in love with each other?

At the end of the two weeks, Mrs. Gray came to Mauch Chunk to bring her daughter back to the city.

Sabina was at the train to meet her, and drove her home in Neighbor Hawkin's wagon, through the Lehigh woods.

"Bless me, darling—how plump and rosy you have become," said the widow, heartily kissing her daughter.

"Oh, yes, mother," said the girl; "I have grown quite, quite well again! And I have learned to make the loveliest rag carpet you ever saw, all out of odds and ends. And—and I am engaged to be married to Cousin Alyssa Streeter's son Adam."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the bewildered old lady.

"Isn't it strange that all these things should happen in so short a time?" said Sabina, brightly.

As if love—the rogue—did not always come upon us swiftly and silently, like the flight of a golden winged bird.

The time had come for the out-blossoming of Sabina Gray's heart—that was all!

An Indian Delicacy.

The Indians scattered along the foot-hills of the Sierra are a quiet, inoffensive people. They do not appear to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adhere to many of their old traditions. The tide of industry and civilization sweeping over and around has left them greatly modified by the contact, and although they retain the original characteristics of the race, in some respects they are much improved. One or two men of superior ability and industry form a nucleus around which others less ambitious gather. Here they fence with brush and logs a tract sufficient for their requirements of hay-making, pasturage, etc. They invariably build their cabins upon the most sightly point, even when the spring that furnishes their water is halfway down the hill. This habit has no doubt descended from a warlike ancestry, and is no evidence of an æsthetic delight in hazy valleys and misty mountain tops. Their gardens are not an assured success when water is plentiful and the weather propitious. They cannot always wait for their maturity. Many of them are industrious and find remunerative work at wood-chopping, sheep-shearing, etc.

Although they often indulge in the food of civilized nations, the acorn is still a favorite article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting this bitter nut into anything like palatable bread is curious. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found them at work. They had shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of the acorn meats; a number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil, much the shape of a punch-bowl. Into these was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several large clothes-baskets filled with water, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they carefully ladled the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of thin cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A buxom muhala stood by each vat and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skillfully removing any speck that floated upon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm, white substance, of which they make bread.

I asked to taste of it, at which they said something in their language and all laughed. I asked again, and after more laughter I was handed a small particle upon a fig-leaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They began at once to remove it, and so adroitly was this done that but a small portion adhered to the soil. They spread it upon the rocks, and in a short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, pat into thin cakes and bake before the fire.

DeKalb's Impressions of Washington.

The recently published life of Baron DeKalb, written by Frederick Kapp, gives at length the story of this brave but unfortunate French officer, who fell at Camden in the Revolutionary war. DeKalb was a trained soldier, and seems at first to have looked upon Washington's military character with a contemptuous eye. His first impressions of Washington are thus given in a letter to De Broglie:

"I have not yet told you anything of the character of General Washington. He is the most amiable, kind-hearted and upright of men; but as a General he is too slow, too indolent, and far too weak; besides, he has a tinge of vanity in his composition, and over-estimates himself. In my opinion, whatever success he may have will be owing to good luck and to the blunders of his adversaries, rather than to his abilities. I may even say he does not know how to improve upon the grossest blunders of the enemy. He has not yet overcome his old prejudice against the French."

His later estimate of the American commander was much more just. In a letter to Henry Laurens, which Mr. Kapp prints from the manuscript, he writes: "I cannot but observe, in justice to General Washington, that he must be a very modest man, and the greatest friend to the cause, forbearing public complaints on that account, that the enemy may not be apprised of our situation and take advantage of it. He will rather suffer in the opinion of the world than hurt his country, in making appear how far he is from having so considerable an army as all Europe and a great part of America believe he has. This would show, at the same time, he did and does more every day than could be expected from any General in the world, in the same circumstances, and that I think him the only proper person (nobody actually being or serving in America excepted), by his natural and acquired capacity, his bravery, good sense, uprightness and honesty, to keep up the spirits of the army and people, and that I look upon him as the sole defender of his country's cause. Thus much I thought myself obliged to say on that head. I only could wish, in my private opinion, he would take more upon himself, and trust more to his own excellent judgment than to councils, but this leads me out of the way."

Mr. Crisp showed at a recent meeting of the Microscopical Society, London, a very curious microscope bearing the date 1772. Besides possessing other peculiarities, it had three objectives attached to a sliding plate at the end of a nosepiece in a manner similar to that adoped in the construction of the modern Harbey and other microscopes.

How the Fort was Saved.

There came to my hut, sir, one summer's day, crawling painfully on hands and knees, an Indian of the tribe I am talking about. He had been bitten by a snake—a "moccasin," if my memory serves aright. I took him in, out of the sun, and gave him nearly all the cordial I had in the hut. For days he lay like a dead thing, and I was beginning to think about where I'd bury him, when he opened his eyes and spoke. I gave him the cordial now in tea-spoonfuls. I nursed him almost day and night, hardly ever leaving him. But he was on his feet and well again at last, and if ever tears were in a red skin's eyes they were in his when he bade me good bye. I hadn't been much at the fort during the red-skin's illness, and they were getting alarmed about me, when one forenoon Doddie and I came clattering over the drawbridge.

A few months flew by so quickly, sir, because I was in love, you know; and one evening in autumn the dog barked; next moment my red skin stood before me with a finger on his lip.

"Hist!" he said; and I drew him into the hut

Oh, sir! Tom Morris was a mad man when he was informed by that poor friendly red skin that at twelve that night the fort would be attacked by a wandering tribe of red skins, and every one in it murdered save Mary, who was to be dragged off into captivity.

I thanked the Indian, blessed him, then hurried to the stable and brought Doddie out. The saddle was broken; it must be a bare-back ride. There was time if we met no accident. It was now eight o'clock, and I mounted, waving adieu to the Indian, and rode away eastward in the direction of the fort. In an hour I was at the river. Here the main road branched away round among the mountains. There was no time to take that. My way lay across the ford and through the forest, cutting off a long bend or elbow of the river, and coming out at another ford, within a mile of Ellis Fort and Farm.

I headed Doddie for the stream, and we were soon over. I knew the path, and the moon was up, making everything light as day.

But look ahead! That glare was never the moon's light. Alas! no, sir; it was fire. The forest was in flames. I think to this day it was done by the savages to intercept me. In half an hour more, sir, the flames were licking the grass within ten yards of our pathway, and running in tongues up the bark of the trees.

Doddie neighed in fright, reared, and I was thrown. Next moment I was alone in the burning forest. To fly from the fire was impossible. I threw myself on my face in despair. Oh! the agony of those few minutes! But even then I believe that I thought more of poor Mary and her father than of my own wretched end.

All at once I started to my feet, for a soft nose had nudged me on the arm. It was Doddie, and in an instant we were flying again through the forest. I think we might have made the ford, but my horse now seemed to lose all control of himself, and I of the horse, for the bridle broke.

Doddie made for the river above this ford, and then he took a desperate leap into the deep water. But he was quieter now, and it was easy to head him down the stream, and at last we were once again on *terra firma* with the broad river between us and the fire. We blew up the bridge and barricaded the gate immediately on my arrival—and not a whit too soon, for half an hour afterwards the fort was surrounded by howling savages. Our relief came next evening, in the shape of mounted soldiers; and I feel sure, sir, that it was that grateful Indian who sent them.

Smuggling as a Fine Art

A boatman on the St. Lawrence talked in this manner in relation to smuggling on that river:

"Yes," he continued, in reply to a question regarding his smuggling, "I traveled into New York ports for a good many years and I reckon they all knew I was smuggling', but I never got nabbed but once, and that was by a detective that got on at Havana with me and got into me by sayin' that he was smuggling'. I lost ten thousand cigars that time and gave it up. How was it? Wall, I knew they was up to all sorts of dodges, so I brought a load of cocoanuts and watermelons, enough to fill a schooner, and a good pile of them that had private marks I had hollered out so that some would hold three hundred cigars as nice as you please, the cigars being packed in rubber bags. I got 'em into the Fulton Market dock all right. They arrived just about two weeks after I did, and I was unloadin' 'em, when up steps this identical chap what got in with me on the boat, with and officer and seized the hull business. He kept out of reach of my hands, I kin tell you, but I'd jest like to have grasped him for a minute. They would have gone through all right if I hadn't given it away like a fool.

"But the fruit dodge was an old one. I had a friend, who worked the di'mond racket, that put me up to it. There was'nt an inspector in New York but what knew him. I left Rio with him one trip and he had over $50,000 worth of di'monds that he wasn't goin' to pay duty on. Where d'ye suppose he had 'em? Wall, in his state room he had as big a bunch of bananas as ever you saw; some green and some ripe, and the green ones he had slit on the side next to the bunch on the inside, and in each one was a stone and in some two or three. Wall, when we got to New York the inspectors came aboard and one walks up and says: 'Hello, Senor, what you got this time?' 'That's for you to find out,' said the Spaniard, laughing. And so they took him down, and the way they went over his things was a caution. They examined everything and even looked in his hair—he had black curly locks like—but they had to give it up. When they got through he says: 'Wall, gentlemen, you've had some hard work. Set down and have some wine and fruit.' So he orders a bottle of wine and begins pickin' off some of the ripe bananas, and there they set for an hour or so within three feet of them stones and didn't know it. He never turned a hair; he had nerve, I tell you.

'The tricks he had,' continued the admiring friend, 'would fill a book. One time, you know, there was a fashion for box toes and his were box, sure enough, and the toe of each were holler and held half a dozen stones. The buttons on his coat were holler, too, and made to shut with a spring, and so it was. One time he'd have an umbrella that would hold half a dozen; then he'd have some stowed in an opera glass. He had a watch that looked all right—showed the works on one side and the hands on the other, but between 'em you could hide a thousand dollars or more of small stones. There was—'

'Hold on a minute, Bob,' interrupted the angler.

The smuggler stopped rowing and the boat shot into the deepening gloom of a little bay.

The lights on the bay had been left far behind and the only sound that could be heard was the occasional splash of some restive fish as it leaped from the water, the hoarse croak of a bullfrog and the creaking of the limbs in the woods.

'I thought I heard the splash of a net,' exclaimed the angler.

'I heard something myself,' answered the boatman. 'Slosh, I reckon.'

'Isn't that a boat in shore there?'

The oarsman gave a pull and the next moment the boat ran up on the beach; the sentinel flashed a dark lantern and sprang out, illuminating two Canadian fishermen, who were sitting on the side of their boat trying to appear at ease.

'Well,' said the inspector.

'Well,' retorted the men in concert.

'Going to make a haul to-night?'

'I guess not,' replied the spokesmen of the two; 'we're only studyin' natur.'

'I didn't know folks were so fond of nature about here,' said the inspector; 'but I shall have to trouble you to point out that net, all the same.'

'P'int it out yerself,' was the answer. 'Who said anything about having a net?'

Taking out a grapnel the inspector threw it over and began to haul around the spot, but all to no purpose. 'They had a net, I'll take my affidavit,' he said. 'The way they do, when they think any of us are about, is to throw it overboard and sink it, taking the bearings. I've hooked several that way, but I guess this is a still hunt.'

No net was to be found. Either it was concealed in the bushes or was coming in another boat. As the two suspected fisherman rowed off the game protector said: 'We can't follow them all night, but I expect they will haul somewhere before morning.'

'The only article that is smuggled now on the river,' said the inspector as they pulled homeward, 'to amount to anything is oil, and that they take over whenever they get a chance. I was pulling along the Canadian channel recently, when suddenly I ran into a boat and nearly sunk myself. We had it hot and heavy for a few moments. I went for the fellows for not carrying a light and they for me for running into them; but they were extremely anxious to get off, and when I swung alongside I found that it was a big flat-bottomed boat, loaded down with three or four barrels of oil. They thought I was a custom house inspector and begged off, tried to bribe me and everything. After keeping them on the jump for twenty minutes I told them that I was only a game inspector, and after some choice language they got off and over all right. You see, it is impossible to prevent smuggling; it would take an army of men to stop it. But it is not what it used to be in years gone by.

Tacubaya, Near the City of Mexico.

The attractions of Tacubaya and San Angel are their pure air and lovely gardens filled with magnificent trees. With a little care, the trees and plants of all climes grow here side by side. The houses have windows, with iron bars and sashes with glass (opening in French fashion) on the street, but the large gardens are in the rear or on the side of them. A few gardens have large iron gates. Those of the Mier, Barron and Escandon families are handsome, and that of Mier, at the entrance to the "Calle Real," is really monumental. Pines, elms, poplar and willow, pear, apple and peach trees grow in fraternal neighborhood with the palm, the banana and the cactus. Fuschias, lilies, violets, heliotropes, pansies, honeysuckles and geraniums flower all the year round. The geraniums grow to an immense height (I have walls covered with them to the height of twelve and sixteen feet), on espaliers, like apricots and grapes. Their flowers are of many varieties and shades, from pure white and light pink to the richest crimsoned, purple and lilac, and some are variegated with these tints; their shapes vary from the "rose" to the "cinq-feuilles." The calla-lily flowers exuberantly in the shade of the trees, above which the aromatic eucalyptus rears its head far beyond the pines, and then throws out immense branches. Roses of all kinds are now flowering (March 18,) and the apple, pear and peach trees are in bloom. Fig-trees grow beside them and yield delicious fruit in the autumn.

One can sit out of doors all the year round with comfort. In winter, a hat and wrap are needed, and the sun's direct rays are often pleasant. In other seasons, light woolen or cotton clothing is comfortable, and one seeks or shuns the sun according to the weather and hour of the day. Afternoon showers are very frequent in summer, but the soil in Tacubaya is so sandy and high that one can get out soon afterward, without rubbers, and not wet the feet. In winter, the wind has a drying effect on delicate skins (commonly called chapping) but it is a trifle when compared to the moist and weakening heat of the tropical coast and lowlands.

He Wore One.

I was sitting on the front seat of an open car the other day, gazing abstractedly at the driver, when all at once I was startled by seeing a fat woman who sat in the seat behind me reaching past my head to give him a terrible prod in the side with the point of her umbrella. My first impression was that it was going to be a case of aggravated assault, but I soon discovered that she only wanted to stop the car, for she presently got out and went on her way as coolly as if nothing had happened. To my surprise the driver did not even turn round, and the only apparent effect of the blow on him was a sudden indescribable noise, such as is heard when a sudden kick forces a little of the wind out of a football.

"Excuse me," said I, "do they often hit you like that?"

"Very frequently, sir," was the reply.

"I should think it would hurt you."

The driver took his hand from the brake and smoothed down his coat behind.

"Feel there."

I did so, and encountered a protuberance.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A pad, sir."

"What's it for?"

"For the points of umbrellas and canes, sir. I always wear one."

The Hollow Spaces of Houses.

The floor of an ordinary dwelling house consists of boarding supported upon wooden joists which run into or lie upon the walls, and to the under edges of which are nailed the laths which carry the plaster of the ceiling below. Beneath the flooring, therefore, of every room, save those which are next to the ground, extends a series of parallel spaces, each more than a foot wide, from eight to twelve inches high, and as long as the room is wide. As most houses contain either partitions formed of upright timbers secured to the joists and covered on both sides with lath and plaster, or have furring strips attached over the interior surface of the outer walls, or else are liberally furnished with both partitions and furring, it is evident that very commodious concealed quarters are furnished by our builders for the accommodation of vermin free of expense. If rats and mice think, what fools they must reckon us poor mortals! What a low idea they must conceive of the intelligence of creatures who, though on the one hand they keep cats and set traps, on the other provide for the accommodation of *Mus musculus* and *Mus decumanus* a series of communicating corridors and chambers ramifying over almost the entire surface of the walls and floors and opening upward into the roof and downward into the basement. If a gray-bearded old rat could reason about human beings after the same fashion that certain human beings reason about the intelligence of animals, we can imagine him soliloquizing: "These two-legged, muzzle-less and bare-skinned animals must be endowed with but a low degree of intelligence, for during the whole of my life, and, according to tradition, for many a year before I was born, they have built their houses so as to give us the most pleasant quarters possible, and yet I know that they hate our race and would kill us all if the could."

Who has not heard in the dead of night when the cars are silent, after the midnight revelers have ceased and ere the street dealers make morn hideous, a party of mice holding high carnival in the partition or floor? They race, they squeal, they tumble over each other, they seem to be rolling marbles or bobbins about (perhaps they are). In fact, they have a good time generally, while the would-be sleeper, his heart beating with the nightmare caused by the rough awakening, wishes he could transform himself into a ferret and kill the whole gay company.

There is no reason for all this save human stupidity, and the reasoning rat would be right. A properly constructed house would not furnish runs for rats. Every wood partition ought to be filled in perfectly solid with brick, concrete or some other material, and every floor joist should be exposed. The objection to this is the expense. Partitions filled in with brick and plastered on both sides cost more than a row of posts covered with lath and plaster; and regard for appearances exacts that, if the under side of the floor boards and three sides of each joist are visible, these exposed surfaces should be planed smooth, stained or painted and perhaps adorned with mouldings or chamfers. Moreover, the boards of the floor must be drier and more carefully selected, or a double layer must be laid, in order to prevent dust from falling through. But the additional cost of these essentials can be often set off by economies in another direction. The lower parts of rooms are now overloaded with dados, wainscot and heavy woodwork round doors and windows, etc. Some of this could be dispensed with where economy was an object.

A good floor can be made by laying the joists flat, so as to have three inches of woodwork throughout. In large rooms this needs a beam or two. Light blocks of lime concrete are manufactured for partitions, and are a vast improvement on wood. The entire house, walls, internal and external, and all floors, can be built in one solid monolith of cement concrete, and this would, of course, be rat-proof, and would afford no harbor to more dangerous enemies. It must be remembered that the hollow spaces of walls and floors may conceal decaying matter of various kinds compared with which rats and mice are innocent and amusing.

Mad All Over.

A great big hulk of a giant, having enough whisky aboard to make him annoying, was hanging around the foot of Second street the other day and abusing everybody who passed. A boy finally said to him:

"If you had any sand you'd tackle that hackman over there."

"Sand, sonny; why, I've got a wagon load of it. Where's the victim?"

"Under the porch there, in the chair."

The giant walked over and crushed "hacky's" hat over his eyes and asked him how all the folks up Fighting Creek were getting along, but inside of a minute and a half he was the "lickedest" man in Detroit. When the hackman got through mopping him the boy handed him a newspaper to wipe the blood off his nose, and said:

"You are big enough to eat him up."

"Jess so, sonny," replied the giant as he tenderly nursed his nose, "but it don't foller that because I'm bigger'n a curry comb I kin swaller one. The difference between us is that he's in a hurry to lick some one and drive off, while I've got a hull week's time and don't keer to fight until I've called names and got mad all over."

Tobacco in England.

Raleigh gave Queen Bess a pipe of tobacco to smoke on his return from his Virginia expedition. "The Queen graciously accepted of it; but, finding her stomach sicken after two or three whiffs, it was presently whispered by the Earl of Leicester's faction that Sir Walter had certainly poisoned her. But her majesty, soon recovering her disorder, obliged the Countess of Nottingham and all her maids to smoke a whole pipe out amongst them."

THE average minister may know nothing about the peculiar game of poker, but he will respond to a "call" if the pile is large enough.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 27, '84

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

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WEST END.

This week we invite your attention to VELVETS, mainly because they will be more extensively used than ever. What looks prettier than a dress trimmed or a Jablier front of Silk Velvet? Yet no one can tell our Nonpareil from the most expensive silk goods. Plain and Brocaded, in all fashionable shades, and prices that we are positive Philadelphia cannot beat. No one can do more than we do: pay spot cash and discount bills.

In Cashmere and Black Goods our lines are Complete, as you are aware we are the only house in Centre County that carries a Complete line of Fancy Goods. This year we will carry more than ever.

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BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Aug.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Quite a cold wave struck us on Sunday lasting over Monday.

——Two prisoners got over the jail walls at Bellefonte, on Saturday noon.

——At a campmeeting in Mifflin county, last week, quite a number of persons had their pockets picked.

— It is rumored that work will be commenced next month in the Big Valley on the Seaboard railroad.

——Mr. Abs Harter and lady, of Millheim, gave the "Reporter" a call on their return from the Bellefonte encampment.

——John Harpster, of Freehold, N. J., is here on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Sam'l Harpster, and gives the "Reporter" an occasional call.

——If the army of defeated candidates in our county wants a job there might be a chance on some of our railroads—it might pan out better than electionering.

——Rev. S. G. Shannon, of Watsontown, favored the "Reporter" with a call. Brother Shannon looks well, and is doing his full duty in the vineyard of the Master.

——Our esteemed friend, James Herring, of Altoona, was here visiting friends and paid his respects to the "Reporter." Mr. Harvey Emerick, of same city, was also here on a visit, and gave us a call.

——Parents keep their little ones from crying by showing them the picture in Graham's shoe advertisement, in "Reporter," and the larger ones they keep in good humor buying shoes for them at Graham's.

——Lewins still holds forth at the Philad. Branch with an excellent lot of ready-made clothing for men and boys. Everybody in Centre county can find clothing at this great establishment, and nearly everybody to-day is wearing something purchased of Lewins.

—Potters Mills has two physicians just now—Dr. Rishel and Dr. Driscoll, the latter we believe hails from Huntingdon. If the people don't get "heap sick" there will only be room for one. The death of Dr. Kline induced the coming of the two named.

——John G. Curns, while assisting to unload melons at Selinsgrove the other day, fell into the hold of the boat and broke one of his legs at the thigh, says an exchange. The REPORTER thinks he was lucky—had he fallen into a water melon he might have drowned.

——From the DuBois "Express" we learn that the Ridgeway & Clearfield Railroad will not touch at DuBois, but will connect with the Tyrone & Clearfield Railroad near Penville and will pass through Falls Creek, a point between DuBois and Reynoldsville.

——Welcome thunder gusts passed over sections of this county Wednesday and Thursday of last week, which, however, did not strike all localities. The rain on Friday we think covered all the spots missed and seemed to be general over the county—it was most welcome and has helped the corn.

— There are about 25 defeated candidates in our county, since Tuesday, 12. These traveled an average of 20 days each, making 500 days; at 30 miles per day would be 15,000 miles traveled this summer—and all for nix. Well, the fools will never die out, we guess, for in the next heat there will be a going over the same thing again.

——Next Sabbath Rev. S. M. Roeder will preach his farewell sermon in the Reformed church of this place, having accepted a call from the Elizabethtown charge, in Lancaster county. We are very sorry to have Bro. Roeder leave us, he was a model man in every respect, and a Christian minister consistent in his calling; he and his family have our best wishes whithersoever they go.

——The best place to go to in this part of the state when in need of anything in the marble line, is at Stover's Marble Yard, in Bellefonte. The very best material is used, and the workmanship is of the finest. You can be sure of being satisfied if dealing at Stover's.

——Ellis Orvis has gone on a trip to the Pacific coast; wish him a fine time and that we were along. How'd be if all the late defeated (Ellis not being one) would go west for consolation—the party, at all events, wouldn't be a small one, but might be a little melancholy.

——Just call at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, if you want to see a first-class stock of boots, shoes, slippers, etc. It is really surprising what a large and well assorted lot of goods Mingle has, and at rock-bottom prices.

— The Philad. Branch is always at the head of the column for the boss stock of ready-made clothing. Every thing in the gents furnishing line is kept, and always the best. Prices are remarkably low, and put at figures which will suit the farmer and mechanic. Neckties, collars, fine linen shirts, hats, caps, and every thing you can think of is found in abundance. By all means call at this famous store.

——"The Nursery," for September, is gay and makes the little ones jump with delight. Address, Russell Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

——Call at S. A. Stover's Marble Yard, Bellefonte, if you want to see a fine lot of tombstones, mantles, etc. An unsurpassed stock on hand.

——Mr. VanDyke's train, on Monday noon, had a pic-nic party on board, bound for Spring Mills. Hope they had a nice time. Linden Hall, being a "railroad town," is not to be sneezed at now.

——We are obliged to send bills to our patrons, any who will favor us with remittance on account will very much oblige us, as we are "strapped."

LINDEN HALL ITEMS.

The railroad is at last completed to this place, and our citizens are taking advantage of free travel. The new enterprise has already created quite a bustle, and strangers arrive with almost every train. Mrs. Waring, who is visiting Mrs. Hess, was the first New York passenger to Linden Hall, and instead of getting off at a depot was landed in a corn field; we expect soon to have better accommodations. Candidates have forsaken us entirely, but their bright smiles haunt us still. Quite a lively time was indulged in at our primary election, yet everything passed off smoothly. The young man who assured a certain candidate that he could influence the young voters of Harris to his support, has not been heard from since the primary meeting. He doubtless is aware that his influence ceased with his own ballot. The young voters of Harris have minds of their own and vote accordingly. Our annual pic-nic held on Saturday, 16, in Mr. Swab's grove, surpassed all expectation. The committee might remove the seats prepared lest they be damaged; also repair the fence which was badly racked. We notice some of our county papers urging Democrats to stick to the ticket. Yet it is admitted by all that this side of the mountain was entitled to the sheriff, yet the present nominee is a resident of Bellefonte. We therefore claim that our rights were unnoticed at the recent Democratic county convention, but may be heard from in the future. Miss Annie Wikle, of Lancaster; Mrs. A. E. Scholl, of Williamsport, and Mrs. Waring, of New York, are visiting in Linden Hall. A Cleveland and Hendricks pole-raising is talked of to take place soon. Through the kindness of Mr. VanDyke our citizens were tendered a gratis trip to Spring Mills on Monday, and a good many took advantage of this opportunity. All speak highly of Mr. VanDyke and all hands concerned, but the engineer got some little scolding from the ladies for extra sprinkling. We are surprised to hear that some of our citizens claim that had it not been for them and what they did we would not have a railroad. We know of no one here who ever served on any railroad committee, or called on the president of the R. R. Co, but like all of us did lots of talking at home. If any one did anything very remarkable we would like to know what it was. Please explain or keep cool. PRESTO.

A BRASS BAND SERENADES A RAILROAD.

MIDDLEBURG, PA.

ED. REPORTER:—Believing that you will not refuse to let justice be heard, we herewith submit a few words in its vindication. When we visited your town on our way to and from Bellefonte we were so well treated by you and your people that the event will be remembered as one of the brightest jewels in our urn of remembrance. Scarcely had we left the town, however, before we were stunned by an ungrateful act by men who it seems are not in possession of any milk of human kindness. We were serenading the town upon our return from Bellefonte under the repeated assurance from the foreman of the unfinished section of railroad between your town and Spring Mills, that the train would be held for us until 12 o'clock M. if we did not get ready to start before. Having walked eight miles from Bellefonte, the leader of the band with four others, were invited to dine with a friend which they gratefully accepted, and no time was lost in partaking of the same, after which we hurridly started for the train, and at 11:50 o'clock we were within about 150 yards of the train, and in full sight of the engineer who, after being kindly asked by those on the train to hold up that there were some of the boys not on but now almost there, remarked "that he would wait on no man," and pulled out, leaving those five men to the mercy of a scalding sun with a heavy load of baggage six miles from Spring Mills, (we must not forget that they had been paid the fare to carry the five men they left behind) which place they were compelled to reach in time for the afternoon train east. After walking about 1½ miles, and very much fatigued under the heavy load of baggage and the hot sun, we reached the farm of a man by the name of Kreamer to whom we made known the misfortune we were placed under, opened his big heart and kindly conveyed us to Spring Mills reaching there just seven minutes before train time. We are reliably informed that we were not the *first* to receive ungentlemanly treatment at the hands of these men. We do not know whether your people are accustomed to such treatment by railroad men, if so, we are not, and the contractor who is a man who can realize public respect as well as any other mortal can not afford to have himself represented by these contemptable hands, firmly believing that had he personally been present the boys would have received human treatment. Mr. VanDyke is undoubtedly ignorant of the action of these men and is hence not accountable for the act, but knowing it now it is his duty to employ a sane man for fireman and a gentleman for his engine, and promptly discharge those men in his employ.

STEITLER'S CORNET BAND.

DEADLY FIRE-DAMP.

Death of Seven Men at Shamokin.

Shamokin, Pa., August 21.—Seven men lie burried in the Greenback Colliery, near this place, the victims of the deadly black damp.

On Wednesday morning the Buck Ridge Colliery on the Renshaw and Johnson tract was discovered to be on fire. Mining experts were at the scene of the fire all day, and it was decided to drive a hole from the Greenback into the workings of the Blue Ridge. The men who were engaged in driving the hole worked all night and had made good progress and everything at daybreak seemed favorable to the plans adopted for extinguishing the fire.

By 6 o'clock, however, the fire had burned through the old workings of the water level and great quantities of gas began penetrating into the Greenback workings, and seven workmen were overcome before they could get out of reach of the deadly poison. Everything possible is now being done to reach them, but no doubt exists any longer of their fate. Eleven mules are supposed to have been smothered or burned. The fire is burning more fiercely than ever. Both the Greenback and Buck Ridge collieries employed over six hundred men and boys who will be thrown out of employment.

HUNDREDS OF DUMB BRUTES KILLED.

Lancaster, August 22.—An accident occurred this afternoon at the west yard of the Pennsylvania railroad at Columbia. A train, at the rear end of which was a caboose, and before the caboose a gondola car, was proceeding out of the yard, when a stock train followed and a collision occurred. The locomotive of the last train crushed into the caboose, which caused an ugly wreck. Behind the locomotive were cars containing sheep and hogs, each holding several hundred animals. Four of the cars, as well as the engine, were completely knocked to splinters. The animals, nearly nine hundred in number, were nearly all maimed or killed, only about fifty of the four car loads of hogs and sheep being saved.

MISCALCULATION

[Chicago News, Ind.]

The fact that Gen. Logan has rented a house in Washington is cited as evidence that he expects to be elected Vice-President. He may come out like Geo. Francis Train, who sent his wife from Bermuda to Boston that the child to be born might be thus eligible to the Presidency of the United States. But it was a girl.

SEVENTEEN MEN DROWNED.

Paris, August 19.—Seventeen workmen were suffocated to-day at Braye owing to an accident in the underground canal intended to connect the rivers Oise and Aisne, in which they were employed.

DELIBERATE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Lincoln, Nebraska, August 18.—At Tobias, forty miles southwest of here, today, Wiley Farris, who has been separated from his wife, came to town and went to his wife's boarding place, called her out, and deliberately shot her through the head. He then shot himself in the temple, dying instantly. The cause of the act is unknown.

KILLED AT A CAMPMEETING.

Lewistown, Pa., August 22.—While helping to quell a disturbance at the campmeeting grounds at Newton Hamilton last night, Wm. Smearman, of Huntingdon, was stabbed by an unknown person and died in five minutes.

BOMBARDING FOO-CHOW.

Shanghai, August 24.—The Foo-Chow Arsenal was destroyed yesterday after a three-hours' bombardment by Admiral Courbet's squadron. Seven Chinese gunboats were sunk and two escaped. The French fleet sustained no damage. The European settlement was not disturbed

——The finest and best stock of ready-made clothing is always to be had at the Philad. Branch. The quality of goods is the very best and the suits are made up in the latest styles. There are always obliging clerks ready to wait upon customers.

——This time of the year it is very essential that good health be preserved in order to harden up the constitution for the chills and blasts of winter. The food eaten should be good, wholesome and of the best quality. Housekeepers generally succeed, after a few tests, in deciding what is the best, and it is no wonder then that they almost to a unit buy their groceries at Sechler's. They are sure of getting pure sugar—a very rare thing indeed, fresh canned goods, the finest teas and coffees that the market can afford, the sweetest dried fruits, juciest hams, and in short the very best of everything. Sechlers make it their one grand aim only to deal in the finest groceries that the world produces, and if they cannot secure a good article they will not shove off an inferior one. And then you pay no more for groceries there than at other places where the goods are of an inferior and cheaper grade. You really save from 10 to 20 per cent. by dealing at Sechlers. Just try them if you don't believe it, and see whether there is any mistake about it. Many doubting ones have been convinced, and to-day are regular customers. No one is ever cheated. When they offer you something you can rest assured that it is what they say and a genuine, pure article. Housekeeper, if you are not yet buying of Sechlers, just try them once and see how you will be surprised at the fine quality and cheapness of everything.

— Lewins at the Philad. Branch still keeps up the record for putting out the very best ready-made clothing in Central Penn's. Clothing for boys, for young men and for old men can be found there at the cheapest figures. If you want to save money buy your clothing of Lewins, Bellefonte,

——Lewis Doll, Bellefonte, has a special line of spring heel shoes for children, running in sizes up to 13. The goods are of the very best quality, and at remarkably cheap prices. Also a special line of gent's Waukenphaust goods, and Dayton boots.

——Bellefonte can boast of one of the best shoe stores in the state. It is A. C. Mingle's.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,
11jun tf Druggist.

The leading shoe store of Centre county is kept by A. C. Mingle. He is known to Pennsvalley folks, and they are always sure of making a bargain when dealing with him.

John A. Logan seems as if he intended visiting all parts of the country, but he has not yet made himself acquainted with the parts of speech.—Baltimore Day.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, makes it smooth and clear, and gives it a bright and healthy appearance.

The very fellows who raise the loudest shrieks about Gov. Cleveland's immorality are men who many a time have got out of windows in their bare feet and run a mile through the snow to prevent "telling the truth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Keifer feels sore over his defeat and in revenge will stump Ohio for Blaine and Logan. If Keifer had been bribed into silence with the Congressional nominating it would have been a much better thing for the party.—Baltimore Herald, (Rep.)

On Martin Risser's farm, north of Elizabethtown, a farm hand named Hessler was plowing with two horses and a mule. The sky was almost cloudless when lightning struck the animals killing all three of them. The handles were knocked off the plough. Strange as it may seem the young man was not killed, and was not more than slightly stunned.

A remarkable man of Marklesburg, Huntingdon county, will soon arrive at the age of 69 years, and during all these years he has never smoked a cigar or pipe, never chewed tobacco, was never drunk, never killed anything with a gun or rifle, never had a fight, and probably never done anything worth mentioning—and yet he still lives.—Altoona *Tribune*.

And he never voted the Republican ticket.

As a sure remedy for sick-headache, sour stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, torpid liver, biliousness, etc., no medicine is equal to Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. N. H. Downs' Elixir is the oldest and best cough remedy in existence. Bruises, scalds, burns, cuts, sprains, etc., either on man or beast, are speedily cured by the use of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment. a't

☞Quantity and Quality.—In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c stamp.

Among the articles for the "North American Review" for September, three in particular merit the serious consideration of everyone who studies the tendencies of our government. The leading one is by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding, who insists that the only sure "Basis of Popular Government is morality, not culture of the intellect, nor universal suffrage, nor development of material resources; and that if the country is to be saved from ruin, there must be a return to the uncompromising moral code of the founders of New England. The policy of "The Exclusion of the Chinese" is advocated by John H. Durst, who presents a striking array of forcible and original arguments against Mongolian immigration. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Sherman, J. B. Sargent and Prof. W. G. Summer, set forth, from nearly every conceivable point of view, the "Evils of the Tariff System," and it is announced that in the Review for October several writers of no less distinction will exhibit the "Benefits of the Tariff System." The other articles in the current number are "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Inspiration and Infallibility," by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Lylance; "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton; and "Our Remote Ancestry," by Prof. Alexander Winchell.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 25, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	51½	—65
Wheat	"	77½	—87½
Oats	"	24½	— 29
Pork	"	27.50	
Lard	"	7.37½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	80
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 15; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents in Centre Hall, August 17, by Rev. S. G. Shannon, of Watsontown, Mr. L. S. Pringle, of Tyrone, to Miss H. Ella Lohr, of Centre Hall.

DIED.

On 11th instant, at Snydertown, Centre county, Miss Clara E. Emerick, aged 23 years, 11 months, 10 days.

On 15th instant, at Millheim, Mr. B. F. Miller, aged 38 years, 6 months, 21 days.

No one, better than the mothers, knows the amount of persuasion, threatenings and force required to induce children to take, when necessary, a dose of the nauseating, sickening worm syrups; no one more highly appreciates the virtues of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders than mothers. So pleasant and easy to take, so effective as a worm destroyer, the dose so small that the children never know they are taking a medicine. There is nothing in the shape of a vermifuge that can compare with them. Don't be deceived. Take no other. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
20a2 Philadelphia Agents.

Boils, pimples, skin grubs, black maggots, eruptions, scaly skin, etc, indicate poisonous blood, and besides being disagreeable to you, afflicted reader, they are unpleasant to your friends and those compelled to come in contact with you; you owe it as a duty to your health and your friends, to take a bottle or two of McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative, and be more pleasant and agreeable to look at. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
20a2 Philadelphia Agents.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

Items of Interest.

Benedict Arnold's descendants are now among the most highly esteemed residents of Leeds and Grenville, Canada.

A railroad in which the cars run astride a single rail has been so successful in Africa that one like it is to built in France.

Cases of delirium tremens in Iowa are exultingly cited by the prohibitionists as proof that their new law is rigidly enforced. The drunkards cannot get rum, and so go mad.

From the will of a Quakeress, Miss Haughton, who recently died in Dublin: "I bequeath the sum of $5,000 to the national cause for the independence of Ireland—liberty for my country to rule herself."

A man was tried in Dublin for polygamy. He was the possessor of five wives. The verdict returned was "insane with regard to his matrimonial engagements," and he was consigned to an asylum.

The parents of a Berlin girl attempted to blackmail two artists for whom she had been a model; but the charges did not frighten the painters, and the liars have gone to prison.

The orange tree at Versailles, known as the Great Constable, is nearly 500 years old. It was planted in 1422 by Eleanor of Carlisle, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre.

A French Officer has invented a device to save life from fire. It can readily be attached to every kind of belt used in gymnastics exercises, and furnished with a cord, the person thus equipped can lower himself with any speed desired.

The Digger Indians of California feast upon grasshoppers and wild honey. To secure the former the make a grand drive, getting the "game" into a pond of water, and then catch them in baskets, dry them, shake the wings off and store them away for winter food.

In the Luray cavern, the guide remarks, "Now I will show you the crowning wonder of all," and points to a little circular depression in the rock—a perfect bird's nest—and there, to carry out the illusion, is a little white egg, smooth and perfect in shape as reality. There were three, but some vandal stole the others.

Joaquin Miller attracts attention in Washington by means of his log cabin. In a corner as you enter the room is an eagle nest containing six eggs. Over the mantel are hung photographs. The logs are gayly festooned with bowie knives, firearms, swords, hornet nests, wild flowers, Mexican saddles and hunting paraphernalia, letters from noted personages, and Indian trophies.

One method of circumventing the prohibitory liquor law of Iowa has been detected. A Milwaukee firm undertook to smuggle the forbidden whiskey into the State by ingeniously concealing the stuff in imitation prayer books. But this novel liquor flask betrayed itself by falling too frequently into the hands of those by whom prayer books are generally unused.

From New Guinea comes the news of the discovery of a river about seventeen miles inland, which will probably turn out to a continuation of the Hilda, whose mouth was found in 1873, but whose course has ever since remained a matter of conjecture. The large village of Nini, with upward of a hundred houses, and a population of about 600, gave recent travellers a most enthusiastic reception, and no doubt the inhabitants will long remember the first white faces they ever saw.

There is a child down in Vermont that is rather queer. Every effort to have it use its legs was made by its parents, but it had no inclination that way. It will raise itself upon its hands and move rapidly across the floor, and, when it has picked up the object it seeks, place it between its feet and again move away on its hands. The child's mother says she attended a circus about three years ago, at which the acrobatic feats made a strong impression on her mind. She remembers continually dreaming about the men walking on the hands.

There is a remarkable place in the Gulf of Mexico known as the "oil-spot." It extends about two miles along the shore, and perhaps three-quarters of a mile seaward. In a storm its appearance is very wonderful. All round are angry boiling waters, tossing the foam high in the air, while within this enclosure is a perfect calm. In fine weather there is nothing to distinguish the place; but in a gale the waves become thick and of a reddish hue. Mud taken from the spot has all the cleansing qualities of soap, and is used to scrub the decks of vessels. Scientific men are puzzled to know what makes the "oil-spot."

The honesty and faithfulness of the International Postal Service has just been strikingly illustrated in the history of a letter, containing twenty-five cents, which was mailed in January, 1883, from Grand Rapids, Wis., and addressed to John Bathurst, in Australia, by way of Brindisi, Italy. After having been opened by mistake and advertised, the missive was sent to the British dead letter office in Australia, thence to the United States dead letter office by way of San Francisco, and thence back to Grand Rapids on the 24th of June last, having made the circuit of the globe in one year, five months and fifteen days. The envelope bore all the marks of hard usage, but the piece of silver was still enclosed wrapped as when it was mailed.

——The finest dress shoes are kept at Doll's new shoe store, Bellefonte. Drop in and give him a call.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The Partnership heretofore existing between Dr. W. A. Jacobs and Dr. G. P. Rishel, from Jan. 14, 1884, has been dissolved this day by mutual consent.

27 2t W. A. JACOBS,
August 25, 1884. G. P. RISHEL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Lingle, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against same to present the them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN D. DECKER.
27aug6t Potters Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of administration upon the estate of Jonas Boal late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement
LEVI STUMP, Adm'r.,
23aug6t Tusseyville, Penn'a.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dr. G. W. Kline, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KLINE, Adm'r,
23aug6t Bellefonte, Penn'a.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1st day of Aug., 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Aug. next, being the 25th day of Aug. 1884, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Blaine** By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Logan.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co.,
6 ug10t 833 Arch St., Philad'a

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a very desirable home for sale, on the old Lewistown road, two miles west of Centre Hall. There are 36 acres of land, with good buildings, choice fruit, and excellent water. Terms reasonable. WM. HORNER,
6aug6t Centre Hall, Pa.

NOTICE.—All persons who have subscribed to the Potter township railroad right-of-way guarantee fund are requested to pay 50 per cent. of their subscription to Wm. Wolf & Son, Centre Hall, between this date and 20th instant,
By order of
August 6, 1884. BOND SIGNERS.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER

NOTICE.—The following property was bought at Constable's sale, August 9, 1884, by Geo. Meeis: One cow, 2 hogs, ton of hay, cook stove, room stove, table, clock, bed, carpet, sink, and all the defendant's personal property and loaned to Geo. Horner; and hereby all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner
23aug2t GEORGE MEEIS.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING Co., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 28apr8m

CLEVELAND Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life; written at his own home, with his co-operation and assistance, by the renowned Goodrich. Largest, cheapest, handsomest, best. Elegantly illustrated. Costs more per copy to manufacture than the other lives that are sold for twice its price. Outsells all others ten to one. One of our agents made a profit of $50 the first day. A harvest of gold will be realized by every worker. All new beginners succeed grandly. Terms free, and the most liberal ever offered. Save valuable time by sending 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, which includes large prospectus book. Act quickly; a day at the start is worth a week at the finish.
23jul2m H. HALLETT & Co., Portland Me.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
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Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,
6aug3m Nunda, New York.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—There will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of John Love, dec'd, about one mile west of Tusseyville, on Saturday, Sept. 6, the following real estate of said John Love, viz.: A VALUABLE FARM, in Potter twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Michael Spyker, John Stoner, James Runkle, Joseph McClellan and others, containing about 160 ACRES, mostly of good limestone land, about 14 acres of which are covered with a good growth of Fine Timber, the residue is in a fine state of cultivation, thereon erected a good two-story frame Dwelling House and Bank Barn and other outbuildings. There is an excellent orchard on the place and a well of never failing water. The farm is located in an excellent neighborhood and in convenient access to churches, schools, &c., affording a rare opportunity of securing a most desirable home.

Terms—A sum equal to the cost in the proceeding in partition and expenses of sale, in hand, when the property is knocked off; ⅓ of the residue cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in 1 year thereafter with interest, and the remaining ⅓ at the death of Elizabeth Love, the widow of decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life—said last two payments to be secured by bond and mortgage upon the premises. Sale at 2 o'clock.
OLIVER K. LOVE,
Adm'r of John Love and Trustee to sell.

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncy F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once.
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